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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF LITERATURE

The Summer Books

VOL. XXVI NO. XXV JUNE 19, 1943

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The Saturday Review of Literature

June 19, 1943

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Unlocking the Door to Joyce

Two Joyce Experts Present a Skeleton Key to "Finnegans Wake"

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON AND JOSEPH CAMPBELL

[*In these pages recently, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Campbell published two articles pointing out numerous similarities between Thornton Wilder's new play, "The Skin of Our Teeth," and James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." Their findings were based on a skeleton key to Joyce on which they had been working for three years. In the following article, they present a cross-section of the results of their study.*]

RUNNING riddle and fluid answer, "Finnegans Wake" is a mighty allegory of the fall and redemption of mankind. It is a strange book, a compound of fable, symphony, and nightmare—a monstrous enigma beckoning imperiously from the shadowy pits of sleep. Its mechanics resemble those of a dream, a dream which has freed the author from the necessities of common logic and has enabled him to compress all periods of history, all phases of individual and racial development, into a circular design, of which every part is beginning, middle, and end.

In a gigantic wheeling rebus, dim effigies rumble past, disappear into foggy horizons, and are replaced by other images, vague but half-consciously familiar. On this revolving stage, mythological heroes and events of remotest antiquity occupy the same spatial and temporal planes as modern personages and contemporary happenings. All time occurs simultaneously: Sir Tristram and the Duke of Wellington, father Adam and Humpty Dumpty merge in a single percept. Multiple meanings are present in every line; interlocking allusions to key words and phrases are woven like fugal themes into the pattern of the work. "Finnegans Wake" is a prodigious, multifaceted monomyth, not only the cauchemar of a Dublin citizen but the dreamlike saga of guilt-stained, evolving humanity.

The vast scope and intricate structure of "Finnegans Wake" give the book a forbidding aspect of impenetrability. It appears to be a dense and baffling jungle, trackless and overgrown with wanton perversities of form and language. Clearly, such a book is not meant to be idly fingered.

What was James Joyce trying to hide in "Finnegans Wake?"

It tasks the imagination, exacts discipline and tenacity from those who would march with it. Yet some of the difficulties disappear as soon as the well-disposed reader picks up a few compass-clues and gets his bearings. Then the enormous map of "Finnegans Wake" begins slowly to unfold: characters and motifs emerge; themes become recognizable and Joyce's vocabulary falls more and more familiarly on the accustomed ear. Complete understanding is not to be snatched at greedily at one sitting; indeed, it may never come in its entirety. But the last state of the intelligent reader is certainly not bewilderment. Rather, it is admiration for the unifying insight, economy of means, and more-than-Rabelaisian humor which have miraculously quickened the stupendous mass of material. One acknowledges at last that James Joyce's overwhelming macro-microcosm could not have been fired to life in any sorcerer-furnace less black, less heavy, less murky than this, his incredible book. He had to smelt the modern dictionary back to protean plasma and reënact the "genesis and mutation of language" in order to deliver his message. But the final wonder is that such a message could have been delivered at all!

The first clue to the method and mystery of the book is found in its title, "Finnegans Wake." Tim Finnegan is an Irish bricklayer who got drunk, fell off a ladder, and was apparently killed. His friends hold a death-watch over his coffin; during the festivities someone splashes him with whiskey at which Finnegan comes to life again and joins in the general dance. On this comedy-song foundation, Joyce bases the title of his work. But there is more, much more, to the story. Finnegan the bricklayer is identifiable first with Finn MacCool, captain for two hundred years of Ireland's warrior-heroes, and most famous of Dublin's early giants. Finn typifies *all* heroes—Thor, Prometheus, Osiris, Christ, the Buddha in whose life and through whose inspiration the race lives. It is by Finn's coming again (Finn-again)—in other words, by the reappearance of the hero—that strength and hope are provided for mankind.

BY his death and resurrection, bricklayer Finnegan comically refigures the solemn mystery of the hero-god whose flesh and blood furnish the race with spirit-fructifying meat and drink. At the wake of Finnegan, the watchers eat everything that belongs to the dead hero. Not only do they devour all the edibles in the house, but they partake of his very body, as of a Eucharist. By its fall, the shell of the world-egg has been shattered, but the essential egg-substance has been gathered and served for the nutriment of the people "sunny side up with care."

Finnegan's fall from the ladder is hugely symbolic: it is Lucifer's fall, Adam's fall, the setting sun that will rise again, the fall of Rome, a Wall Street crash. It is Humpty Dumpty's fall, and the fall of Newton's apple. It is the irrigating shower of spring rain that falls on seeded fields. And it is everyman's daily recurring fall from grace. These various fallings (implying, as they do, corresponding resurrections) cause a liberation of energy which keeps the universe turning like a water-wheel, and provide the dynamic which sets in motion the four-part cycle of universal history.

But why a "four-part" cycle? This reference is to a conception of the

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eighteenth-century Italian philosopher Giambattista Vico, whose "La Scienza Nuova" provides the philosophic loom on which Joyce weaves his historical allegory. Essentially, Vico's notion is that history passes through four phases: theocratic, aristocratic, democratic, chaotic. The last phase is characterized (like our own) by individualism and sterility, and represents the nadir of man's fall. It is terminated by a thunder-clap, which terrifies and reawakens mankind to the claims of the supernatural, and thus starts the cycle rolling again with a return to the primeval theocracy.

IN Joyce's composition, the comical Finnegan episode is only the prologue to the major action. It is related to the later episodes as pre-history is related to history; or (to use a Viconian image) as the giants of the dawn-chaos are related to the patriarchs of orderly history. In "Finnegans Wake" the transition from the earlier to the later hero takes place on pages 24 to 29, where the company at the wake forcibly holds Finnegan down and bids him rest in peace. They tell him that a newcomer, his successor, has just sailed into Dublin Bay. The newcomer is HCE or, more specifically, Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, who thereafter dominates the work.

As the tale unfolds, we discover that this H. C. Earwicker is a citizen of Dublin, a stuttering tavern-keeper with a bull-like hump on the back of his neck. He emerges as a well-defined and sympathetic character, the sorely harrowed victim of a relentless fate, stronger than yet identical with himself. Joyce refers to his protagonist under various names, such as Here Comes Everybody and Haveth Childers Everywhere—indications of his universality and his role as the great progenitor. Earwicker has wandered vastly, leaving families (that is, deposits of civilization) at every pause along the way: from Troy in Asia Minor (he is frequently called "the Turk") up through the turbulent lands of the Goths, the Franks, the Norse, and overseas to the green isles of Britain and Eire. His chief Germanic manifestations are Wotan and Thor; his chief Celtic, Manannan MacLir. Again, he is Saint Patrick carrying the new faith; again Strongbow, leading the Anglo-Norman conquest; again Cromwell, conquering with a bloody hand. Most specifically, he is our Anglican tavernkeeper, HCE, in the Dublin suburb, Chapelizod.

As in "Ulysses," the principal action takes place in Dublin and environs. We are introduced at once to Howth Castle, Phoenix Park, the River Liffey, Wellington Monument, Guinness's Brewery, and other important landmarks, all of which have allegorical significance. Phoenix Park, for example, is reminiscent of the Garden of Eden. And the product of Guinness's Brewery is the magic elixir of life, the immortal drink of heroes and gods. Many an allusion is clarified by consulting a detailed map of Dublin. For example, "the knock out in the park" (page 3) is Castle Knock at the west gate of Phoenix Park. The nearby hillocks are figuratively the upturned toes of the giant whose head is the Hill of Howth. This giant, whose belly is the city of Dublin itself, is none other than the prostrate comical hero-god of the wake. Indeed, all the living, loving, fighting, and dying of Dublin is precisely the hurly-burly of "Finnegans Wake."

But to return to HCE. He is a man who has won his place in society, a place not of high distinction but of decent repute. He recently figured as candidate in a local election. Gossip, however, undid his campaign and his reputation as well.

IT was in Phoenix Park (that Garden of Eden) near his tavern, that he committed an indecorous impropriety which now dogs him to the end of his life-nightmare. Briefly: he was caught peeping at or exhibiting himself to a couple of girls in Phoenix Park. The indiscretion was witnessed by three drunken soldiers, who could never be quite certain of what they had seen; from them it went out to the world. Earwicker's anxiety to justify himself riddles his every utterance with incriminating slips of the tongue, and contributes to his bulky presence a flavor of slightly-rancid butter, exposing him to further gossip on every hand. The rumors grow. He is said to suffer from an obscure disease, suspiciously venereal, a physiological counterpart of his psychological taint.

Unquestionably his predicament is of the nature of Original Sin. He shares the shadowy guilt that Adam experienced after eating the apple. It is akin also to the bewilderment and confusion that paralyzes Hamlet, and is cognate with the neurotic disease of modern times. Stephen Dedalus, who suffers from an analogous malady in "Ulysses," calls it the "agenbite of inwit," the incessant gnawing of rat-toothed remorse. Earwicker, suffering from this taint, yet aware of his claims to decency, is torn between shame and aggressive self-satisfaction, conscious of himself both as bug and as man (an earwig is a beetle-like insect, popularly supposed to creep into the human ear). Earwicker, worm before God, and giant among men, is a living, aching arena of cosmic dissonance, tortured by all the cuts and thrusts of guilt and conscience.

A very specific ramification of the guilt-motif crops out constantly in the "old-man, young-girl" situations sprinkled throughout the book. In the Swift-Vanessa, Daddy-and-Peaches Browning, Mark-and-Iseult episodes, greybeards are passionately fired with a half-incestuous, half-lyrical yearning for young love. Earwicker himself is troubled by a passion, compounded of illicit and aspirational desires for his own daughter, Isabelle, whom he identifies with Tristram's Iseult, and who is the sweet little reincarnation of his wife. Himself he envisions now as gallant Tristram and now as cuckolded King Mark.

Although Earwicker is a citizen of Dublin, he is resented by the populace as an intruder, even a usurper. Why?

It took them three years to fashion a key to Joyce: Henry Morton Robinson (left), and Joseph Campbell.

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Well, springing from Germanic rather than Celtic stock, he typifies all the invaders who have overrun Ireland—Danes, Norsemen, Normans, and English. The clash of arms that resounds through the first pages of the book recalls the battles of all Irish history and furnishes a background to the battlefields of the tavern—and the battlefields of Earwicker's own soul.

The rumors about HCE are started by a native Dubliner smoking a pipe, who encounters Earwicker at midnight in Phoenix Park. This "cad with a pipe" asks HCE for the time, and is surprised when the great personage exhibits uneasiness and launches into an elaborate statement of self-defense. The cad goes home, broods over a bottle, and remumbles what he has heard. His wife, catching the suspicious words, communicates them to her priest, who, in turn, passes them on at the race track. Three down-and-outers pick up the tale, exaggerate it comically, and finally turn it into a scurrilous lampoon (the Ballad of Persse O'Reilly, page 44).

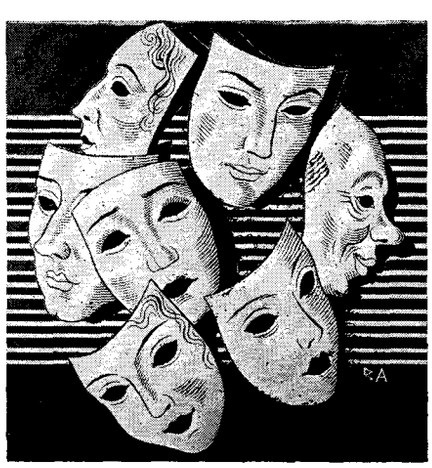
The rumor runs through the city like a virulent infection. Several pages (51 to 62) are devoted to round robins of public opinion. The plague of evil gossip that encircles the present Mr. H. C. Earwicker races back through the past—touches and contaminates every likeness of the unforgettable great citizen through all the annals, not only of Ireland, but of man. Thus the enquirer finds it impossible to distinguish between the tumultuous earwigging (gossiping) of the present and that of remoter days. The scandal-stew boils gloriously with ingredients from every moment of human time.

While the man in the street gossips, twelve stately citizens of the jury sit in formal though tipsy session. These twelve are, locally, the twelve constant customers of Mr. Earwicker's tavern. They are also leading mourners at Finnegan's wake. They are also the twelve signs of the zodiac. Their presence betrays itself with sonorous sequences of words terminating in "-ation;" as, for instance, on page 6, "all the hoolivans of the nation, prostrated in their consternation, and their duodisimally profusive plethora of ululation."

IN addition, there are four slobberishly senile judges who remember and rehearse the anecdotes of old times. They are identified with the four winds, the Four Master Annalists of Ireland, the four Evangelists, the four Viconian Ages, and so forth. Their principal charge is to care for a donkey which, in its better moments, is revealed as an archaic incarnation of the Logos. Pages 383 to 399 are devoted largely to the recollections of the four. They themselves, in younger days, were protagonists of the great life-roles which they can now only regard and review. Life once stirred in them and shaped them; but it has moved on, so that they now are but cast-off shells. Crotchety, brittle crystallizations out of the past, they have only to await disintegration. Meanwhile, however, they sit in judgment over the living present.

A dim-witted policeman, crony of the four, arrests HCE for disturbing the peace and gives testimony against him (pages 62 to 63, and 67). But he has many of the traits of the hero himself—as have, indeed, all the male characters of the populace opposition. For, in the last analysis, the universal judgment against HCE is but a reflection of his own obsessive guilt complex; and, conversely, the sin which others condemn in him is but a conspicuous public example of the general, universally human, original sin, privately effective within themselves. Thus, throughout the work, there is a continual intermelting of the accused and his accusers. All these characters, moving around and against each other, are but facets of some prodigious unity and are at last profoundly identical—each, as it were, a figure in the dream-complex of all the others. One is reminded of Schopenhauer's wonderful image of the world in his essay "On an Apparent Intention in the Fate of the Individual." "It is a vast dream, dreamed by a single being; but in such a way that all the dream-characters dream too. Thus everything interlocks and harmonizes with everything else."

Earwicker has a wife, the psyche of the book—bewitching, ever-changing, animating, all-pervading. She appears typically under the name of Anna Livia Plurabelle, abbreviated to ALP. Just as Earwicker is metamorphosed into Adam, Noah, Lord Nelson, a mountain, or a tree, so ALP becomes, by subtle transposition, Eve,



Isis, Iseult, a passing cloud, a flowing stream—the eternally fructive and love-bearing principle in the world. She is a little crone who goes about gathering fragments into a basket; Isis picking up the dismembered body of her brother-husband, Osiris. She is the widow who serves the feast at the wake: "Grampupus is fallen down but grinny sprids the boord" (page 7). Again, she is a little hen that scratches out of a dung heap the torn scraps of a bewitching letter (pages 110 to 111); a gossipacious letter; a letter which Major Thornton Wilder aptly describes as a missive revealing all the secrets of a woman's heart and the mystery of why the universe was set in motion. Only partially recovered, its life-riddle twinkles through every page of "Finnegans Wake;" in fact, the book itself is but a dream-like emanation of this "untitled mamafesta memorializing the Mosthighest" (page 104), written (time and place unknown) by ALP herself.

BUT above all, Anna is a river, always changing but ever the same; the Heraclitean flux, which bears all life on its current. Principally, she is the River Liffey who runs through Dublin, but she is also the rivers of the world, the heavenly Ganges, the fruitful Nile, the teeming Irrawaddy, the mysterious Nyanza. She is the circular river of time, flowing past Eve and Adam in the first sentence of the book, bearing in her flood the debris of dead civilizations and the seeds of crops and cultures yet to come.

The circular course of the River Liffey illustrates her cycle of transformation. Her brooklet source in the Wicklow hills finds her as a young girl free, dancing gaily, a delicious nymph. Passing the Chapelizod of HCE's tavern, she is a comely, matronly stream. Still further on, flowing through the city of Dublin, she is an old haggard scrub-woman, carrying away the filth of the city. At last, she flows back to Father Ocean, from whence she rises again in mist, to descend in showers and become once more the sparkling mountain stream. Anna's cycle is a perfect example of the Viconian *corso* and *recorso*—the circular ground-plan on which "Finnegans Wake" is laid.

It is the role of the *younger* Anna to shatter HCE as the container of fixed energy. It becomes the function of the *older* Anna, the widow, to gather up the remains of her broken lord and consign them again to a fresh start. As Joyce says, "She puffs the blaziness on," converts past into future, and displays the female's typical concern for the future of her race. Among her younger manifestations are

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Almanac for Summer Readers

A Guide to Some of the Forthcoming Books

AMY LOVEMAN

June 23

The day dawns red with a gory tale called "The Blood Transfusion Murders," by **Milton Propper.** . . . But **Ralph Tyler Flewelling** saves the balance with a weighty and significant discussion, intended as a sort of antidote to **Spengler's** "Decline of Western Civilization," which he calls "The Survival of Western Culture," and which is a study of man's never-ending struggle for personal freedom.

June 24

Edward Hungerford piles up an impressive record of American achievement in "Transport for War: 1942-1943," and **Gilbert Cant** presents no less inspiriting a reckoning in "America's Navy in World War II." . . . **Sir Frederick Whyte** sets forth a panoramic picture of Britain's Far-Eastern Empire in "India: A Bird's-Eye View." . . . Some of the many addresses and articles which **Pearl Buck** has written in past months are gathered together and published as "What America Means to Me." . . . Extremely personal, breezy, and outspoken, **Louise Pierson's** "Roughly Speaking," the autobiographical chronicle of a career girl's conversion into mistress of a ranch, makes lively reading.

June 25

Believing in reciprocity, **Allan Nevins,** whose brief history of the United States is now widely used in England, has joined with **John Bartlet Brebner** in producing a similar short account of "The Making of Modern Britain" for American readers.

June 28

Chills and shudders—**Lenore Glass's** detective tale, "Skeleton Key."

June 30

At long last the Government has released one of the most thrilling documents of the war, **Captain Ted Lawson's** account of participation in the Doolittle raid on Japan; "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" can hold its own for excitement with any battle narrative the Second World War has produced.

July 7

"Resistance and Reconstruction," by **Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek,** brings together in chronological order the verbatim speeches of the Chinese leader.

July 15

Mystery story fans take notice—"Murder Breaks Trail," according to **Eunice Mays Boyd.**

July 19

In "The Journey," by **Robert Paul Smith,** a young man looks on his world.

July 21

Susan and the group of Vassar friends who went out so eagerly into the world of affairs after their graduation in "Consider the Daisies," reappear in **Gertrude Carrick's** new novel, "Susan to You."

July 26

Larry LeSueur, CBS correspondent, recounts his experiences in embattled Russia in a lively volume which casts light on people, country, and army. . . . The brave little island which wouldn't surrender, and which now is past all danger of having to do so, is celebrated in "Malta Spitfire," by **Flying Officer George F. Beurling** and **Leslie Roberts.**

July 29

The distinguished president of Brown University, **Henry W. Wriston,** writes on the problems of the day in "Challenge to Freedom."

August 3

Our gallant ally in the Antipodes, Australia, serves as background for **Kylie Tennant's** novel, "Hide In Stranger." . . . In "Sound of Revelry" **Octavus Roy Cohen** blends romance and adventure.

August 5

One for the detective story fans in "The Bride Laughed Once," by **Marion K. Sanders** and **Mortimer L. Edelstein.**

August 9

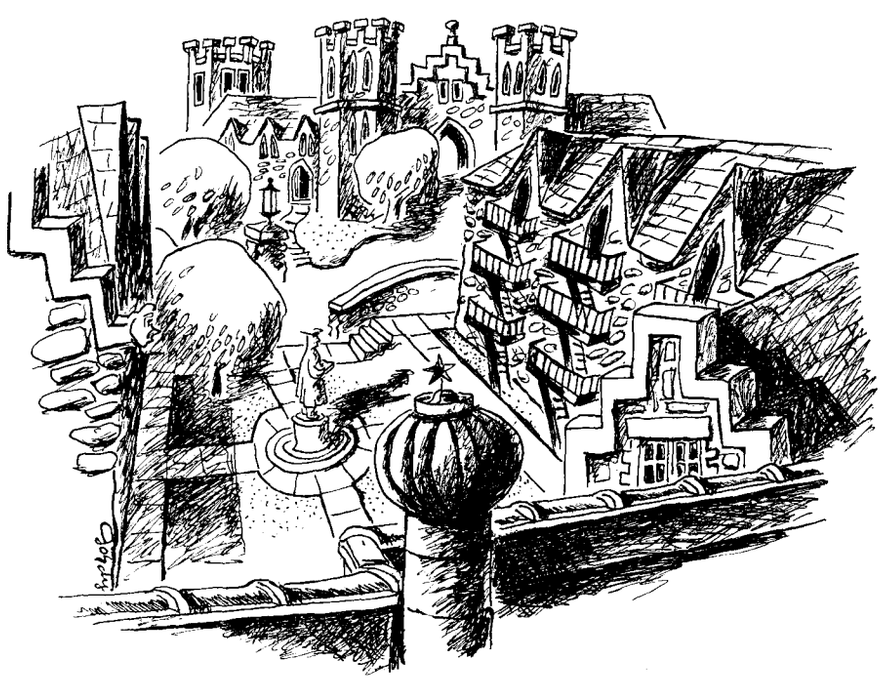
The historical novels of the Winston Churchill-Mary Johnston school are recalled by **Conrad Richter's** "The Free Man," a tale of a youth who after a long passage under horrible conditions on the ocean landed in Philadelphia to become an indented servant and, of course, eventually to marry his mistress. . . . **Ilyich Seroff** writes in "Dmitri Shostakovitch" of the life and background of the Soviet composer.

August 11

One of the most delightfully written and perceptive commentaries on life and the literature of recent years appears in **Lloyd Morris's** "A Threshold in the Sun," in part family biography, in part portrayal of educational and literary personages and ideals. . . . Lovers of romantic fiction have their innings today in **Maurice Walsh's** "The Spanish Lady."

August 20

Short stories born of the present gigantic struggle in Russia are brought



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together by **Mark Van Doren** in "The Night of the Summer Solstice and Other Stories of the Russian War." . . . "Three Times I Bow" gives **Carl Glick** opportunity to discuss an American Chinatown.

August 24

Homesteading in Oklahoma furnishes the theme for a novel of the soil in **John L. Sinclair's** "In Time of Harvest."

August 25

The life of the natives in Tunisia, the background of their country, and the vivid experiences of an American woman who for three winters lived among them constitute interesting reading in **Dahris Martin's** "I Knew Tunisia."

September 1

Paul the man, the witchhunter, the convert, but more especially Paul in his relations with men rather than as the mystic dominates **Sholem Asch's** excellent novel, "The Apostle."

September 7

Robert Nathan again displays his interest in time as a continuum in "But Gently Day," the tale of a soldier of this war who returns to his home to find it in an earlier incarnation. . . . Interesting history in **June D. Pader's** "In the Wake of the Prairie Schooner."

September 8

Clifford Dowdey tells a tale of western Tennessee in 1837 when the planters from Virginia were moving west in "Tidewater."

September 22

John P. Marquand writes one of his most distinguished novels in "So Little Time" which takes for hero a man who went through the last war and finds all life colored by that experience and the knowledge that his son will be drawn into the present conflict.

September 25

An America at war and preoccupied with naval as well as military matters should find interest in **Carl D. Lane's** novel, "The Fleet in the Forest," which is a tale of the War of 1812 and in particular of the building of a fleet for Perry.

September 30

Red letter day—Publication of **Albert Jay Nock's** brilliant, perverse, reactionary, heretical autobiography, "Memoirs of a Superfluous Man."

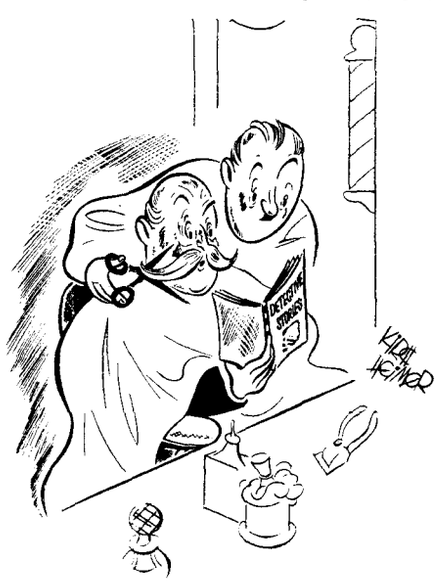
"Lucky Books"

The Director of the N. Y. Public Library Sums Up

FRANKLIN P. HOPPER

THE story of the New York Public Library and its readers in the past year is no tale of unmitigated woe. Much of the accomplishment of the Library and its readers is a good luck story, though only a small part of it can be told. Just how good all the luck was, none of us will ever know, but some of it will touch every American. You'll probably feel it in books and plays and movies; in some of the music you hear; in improved commercial products of many kinds; in all sorts of civilian war activities; in the conduct of the war itself. Luck, or good management, turned much of the information stored in the Library into things or actions of immediate use or into others of permanent value.

Two things the Library is proud of in its record for 1942 are the direct contributions it made to the planning of the campaigns in North Africa and the Pacific, and the services it established in the branch libraries for war and consumer information. Many Divisions of the Reference Department, and the Circulation Department's Picture Collection, furnished material—maps, dictionaries, directories, telephone books, photographs, and detailed government reports—about the regions which were soon to become battle areas. In each of the branches information centers were established where men and women could come and learn how best to plan their lives from day to day. Lists were made, and are kept up-to-date, of training classes and defense courses in everything from arithmetic to welding. As never before, the branches are community centers, used by both individuals and groups as places to come for the things they need to know. So far as funds permitted, the book needs of men in, or about to be in, military service, workers in war industries, and persons connected with the several branches of civilian defense, were given consideration.



The Circulation Department of The New York Public Library serves the boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, and Richmond. To do this it has sixty branch and sub-branch libraries, two book wagons or traveling libraries, and about 200 small stations in hospitals, schools, firehouses, etc. The population of these three boroughs (1940) is 3,459,076. For the current year the City has appropriated $50,000 for books, or approximately one and one-half cents per capita.

In many divisions of the Reference Department, in addition to research carried on by the War Department, the Army, the Navy, and federal bureaus, an increase in scholarly research was notable. Much of this was carried on by foreign scholars, exiles from lands where independent scholarship has ceased to exist. Their presence emphasizes the position America is taking as a center for research in technical, scientific, and scholarly fields and emphasizes, too, the responsibility American libraries must take for the gathering and preservation of source material. How great the physical destruction or equally damaging looting of European libraries will be no one can say. Loss of unique documents is, of course, final but American libraries will certainly be called upon, after the war, to replace by duplicates, photostats, or microfilms, reference books, documents, and periodicals in great numbers.

At a time when the nation is engaged in a war to determine whether or not it shall continue to exist, remarks about spiritual values may seem inopportune. Surely the great tasks before the Library are the same as those of every American institution or individual—to give every aid to the prosecution of the war and to upholding and strengthening the nation's leaders, and to give assistance to our people in their efforts to adjust their lives to wartime conditions.

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—Drawing by Pierotti

The Summer's Literary Pool

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The Temperamental Artist King

DAVID. By Duff Cooper. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 292 *pp.* $3.

GIANT KILLER. By Elmer Davis. New York: The Readers Club, Inc. 1943. 357 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

NOT quite two centuries after the not wholly mythical Trojan War and about eight hundred miles in a straight line southeast of Troy considerable friction began to develop between certain Asiatic mountaineers, who had just given up their ancestral nomadic habits, and the dwellers on the Mediterranean coast, who had colonized the littoral plain about the time of Troy's extinction and who in all probability came from Crete. The squabbles developed into a war between town and country. And at the end of the struggle which lasted a long life time, the mountaineers were more or less consolidated into a tiny empire and the power of the coastal colonial cities had been altogether broken.

What purports to be the history of the conflict was probably set down for the most part half a millenium later by literary men with axes to grind, though a big chunk of the testimony has convinced scholars that it is almost contemporary and straight from the horse's mouth. But for the rest we may say that we have the same mixture of an infinite deal of legend for every twopenny worth of fact that we find in Homer. Saul, David, Abner, Joab, and Samuel are in all probability names of actual and very important men just as Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Odysseus, and Colchas are, but the historicity of the record is something else again.

The two books here reviewed are as different as two books stemming from the same original possibly could be. The authors are both men of extreme abilities with radically opposed experiences and habits of thought. Mr. Duff Cooper is a distinguished public servant who is becoming a writer. Mr. Elmer Davis is a distinguished writer who in these evil days has had to become a public servant. For Mr. Duff Cooper writing is so to say a by-product and his investigation of his subject, though highly thoughtful, is in the nature of an avocation. To Mr. Davis writing is the very world and all, and he is by nature learned in the good sense. It was on the cards that his satirical romance, though a more fanciful work than Mr. Duff Cooper's, should on the whole carry more conviction.

To Mr. Duff Cooper, on the strength of the record, David is one of the most remarkable men in history, a hero, a great captain, a great statesman, and a supreme poet. And beyond any doubt the man who got on top of the jealous tribes was no piker. But even the record isn't quite clear on all the points. Joab seems to have been quite a figure with respect to the military problems of Israel. And Mr. Duff Cooper, a remarkable politician himself, is perhaps too willing to see statecraft, where none was intended. Writing out of a rich experience of such matters, he displays not only the perspicacity but also the naiveté of his profession. And though his philosophical asides on government and the states of mind of those who govern seem to the reviewer full of truth and wit, his synthesis of David's character, as revealed by the evidence so-called, seems pretty synthetic.

This is not to say that he hasn't a real appreciation and understanding of many aspects of his hero. His comments on the psalms for instance are fresh, discriminating, and intelligently enthusiastic. But on the whole his endeavor to construct the personality of the King makes one think of the image which Michael put in David's bed so that the living man might have time to escape from the anger of Saul. Nor is the book written with the fire that Mr. Duff Cooper knows how to get into his speeches. In this work, however suggestive his comment, his narrative is languid and his characters lack the three-dimensional solidity which is necessary whether in history or romance.

Alfred Duff Cooper

Any stricture on Mr. Davis's book, now happily reprinted after fifteen years, must be founded on a wholly different rock. In a disarming author's note he has forestalled carpers by himself saying whatever evil might be said. All it amounts to, and the reviewer will certainly not go beyond it, is that some of his embroidery on history is a little too elaborate and one or two episodes take up rather more space than they have points for. But most of his personalities walk around in the mind a good deal like recollected realities. And Mr. Davis, completely aware that his materials were complex and inconsistent, has exercised his legitimate right of selection. On balance the man David, in his sight, was an artist who became king. This rarely happens and Mr. Davis has found out many inventions, most of them happy, to account for it. As is well known, reputation makes the man. And the idea of the Giant Killer was more important to discordant Israel than any genuine slayer of an acromegalic Philistine. David got the credit for the accidental exploit of a drunken infantryman. And thereafter no one could stop him, particularly those who knew or guessed the truth.

Though we shall never know what the actual David was like, Mr. Davis has at least as good a right to manufacture his harp-playing Casanova who didn't kill Goliath as any of the pious had to tamper with the text of the 19th verse of chapter 21, II Samuel, wherein in the original it was stated that Goliath of Gath was slain by Elhanan the Bethlehemite. And he gets a quid pro quo of the dramatic for his reader out of the natural conflict between David, the artist figurehead, and Joab, the soldier empire builder, each lamentably aware that the other is indispensable however inconvenient. The irony may be obvious, but it is reasonable that Joab should be the last of the giants to be killed because of the harp player.

Mr. Davis has written a fine yarn about his artist king who knew how to get value from effects and appearances. But what really counts is his remarks as he goes along, which occur in delightful profusion and play intelligently on almost any subject you and I are apt to think of. The best satirists have a kindness for what they satirize. And Mr. Davis is a good satirist. Clearly, also he must have known the fear of the Lord when it was particularly hard to know it, for he had certainly begun wisdom in a big way in the late twenties. If Mr. Davis was not a hoarder in those bad times, even supposing his activities were legal, he got more than his share. For this, oddly enough, the reviewer, for one, is disposed to be grateful.

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Heavy, Heavy Hangs Over Them

HUNGRY HILL. By Daphne du Maurier. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 402 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

MISS du MAURIER'S great gift as a novelist lies in her power to give interest to a thoroughly old-fashioned theme, treated in an old-fashioned manner. She does not strain after smartness or sophistication, and obviously enjoys melodrama: and she can hold her readers because, whatever they may think of her subject and her treatment, they cannot accuse her of insincerity.

This new book may easily be as popular as her earlier novels with those who are not disturbed by her obvious unfamiliarity with the setting she has chosen. Those who know Ireland and the Irish, by hearsay, tradition, or personal contact, will wonder why on earth Miss du Maurier has forsaken the Cornwall she knows for a country and a people she only tries to understand and cannot successfully present.

"Hungry Hill" is a tale of five generations, from 1820 to 1920; a tale of two families, the Brodricks, alien and Protestant, who grow more unfortunate as they increase in prosperity, and the Donovans, dispossessed descendants of the kings of Ireland, who are shiftless, embittered, and not altogether miserable in their contempt for the conqueror and their attachment to the land they hold as theirs. It is in the earlier sections that Miss du Maurier is least at home. Her picture, for instance, of the relations of the local priest to the Great House in 1840 is absurd in its falsity; and it is not until she reaches the 1880's that she seems to be at all at home with the atmosphere of the period.

Copper John Brodrick in 1820 starts a copper mine on Hungry Hill: it makes his and his family's fortune, and brings disaster and misery to all but himself. He and his descendants are cursed by old Morty Donovan, and the story shows the working out of this curse on the successive generations, until in 1920 young John Henry Brodrick, grandson of Henry who is the grandson of Copper John, stands among the ruins of the Great House at Clonmere, burnt by the Sinn Feiners because an old enemy saw John Henry drinking with an English officer. The story sways like a great tapestry hanging on a draughty wall: there are fine patches of color, disordered and spoiled parts; there are elegant ladies and raffish gentlemen; there are scenes of poverty and greed

Daphne du Maurier

and envy. The only lovable people in the book are some of the men when they are boys—they nearly all deteriorate with age—and two or three of the women, the best of whom Miss du Maurier dooms to early, violent, or unnecessary death.

It would not be fair to say that Miss du Maurier strains her readers' credulity; for she makes no pretense of writing a realistic or an imaginative story. Yet even her most ardent admirers will, I hope, resent a little John Henry's grandfather's second marriage to a pest of an Englishwoman whom no Irish gentleman would have engaged as a housekeeper. The dreadful Adeline's treachery and cruelty to her stepchildren belong only to the early, simplest kind of fairy-story, in which stepmothers were destined to be brutes. The chief merit of "Hungry Hill," in so far as it is a study in character, lies in the author's bitter and cynical power of portraying the decay of beauty and nobility, the gradual degradation of human character in men and women without faith and without courage. That this degradation should persist for so long in one family, that there should never be a "sport" among the Brodricks is a little hard to believe; but there, "Hungry Hill" is sentimental melodrama not to be judged by the standards we apply to serious fiction. It can be enjoyed for its descriptions of the country, for such scenes as the flooding of the road on Hungry Hill by the blasting of the mine, for some tender portrayals of young love, and for the author's determination not to be distracted from her devotion to the inspissated gloom which is the destined atmosphere of her luckless creatures.

Your Literary I. Q

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS WHO HAD UNUSUAL POWERS

"Faster than a speeding bullet! More powerful than a locomotive! Able to leap over the highest building at a single bound! It's SUPERMAN!!!" That, gentle reader, is what it takes to be today's number one hero of the comic magazines. On a somewhat different plane the world of books has its supermen, too. From these brief descriptions of their extraordinary powers can you identify them? Allowing 5 points for each character and another 5 for either the story in which he appears or the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 31.

1. Gazing out of an upper story window, an unwilling guest was horrified to see this host emerge from a lower window and crawl, head first, down the wall of his towering castle.

2. Entering the hero's room in the guise of a poodle, he vanished in a puff of smoke and re-appeared as the villain of the piece.

3. She lived in a South American forest and spoke to the birds in their own language.

4. Every night for 25 years, by "dreaming true," this convict and his sweetheart met in their dreams and re-lived every pleasurable event that either had ever experienced.

5. Because her scientist-father brought her up on poisons, she was immune to them, although her breathing would kill insects and wither flowers.

6. A split personality to begin with, this doctor succeeded, with the aid of certain drugs, to split it completely.

7. A sermon on Faith, by Sister Minnie Tekel Upharsin Smith of California, convinced this Yorkshire inventor that he could fly like a bird—and he did!

8. A placid disposition and a calm philosophy, aided by a most unusual climate, enabled this monastery head to live for 250 years.

9. So mobile were the facial muscles of this detective that he was able, without makeup, to assume any of 40 different disguises.

10. According to his valet, this great lover had 640 mistresses in Italy, 231 in Germany, 91 in Turkey, 100 in France, and 1,003 in Spain.

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Man Against the Gods

MY DARLING FROM THE LIONS. By Edita Morris. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Book). 1943. 295 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

MRS. MORRIS'S second book is in many ways an admirable and entrancing novel; indeed it is so interesting and so admirably constructed, so glamorous with the magic of background and words, that you finish it with mounting interest before you are able to isolate just what there is about it that, to this reader at least, is out of focus.

Perhaps this lack of focus adds to the interest. I don't know. A good novel, an important novel such as this, is perhaps the most personal of documents; far more personal, of course, than an autobiography, or even a diary, can possibly be. The autobiography, or the diary, is a deliberate revealment and is invariably pulled back to a norm of self-consciousness, but a novel is creation at its purest, and so takes on a life of its own during which the novelist frequently writes "beside himself," to use that eerie old phrase. "My Darling from the Lions" should cause plenty of discussion. I have an idea that Mrs. Morris much prefers nature to humanity, old houses to old men and women, children to mature men and women, or else that she has accepted this point of view secondhand and not examined it thoroughly.

Now that is all right . . . this point of view. It is a legitimate thesis philosophically, either in its entirety or its separate parts, but when you choose as your title "My Darling from the Lions," taken from the Psalms, XXV, 17, "Rescue my soul from their destructions, my darling from the lions," you have announced a theme essentially human and one moreover with the inherent morality which clings to any form of the Pilgrim's Progress. Somebody has to go forward—or backward; somebody has to develop or retrogress; somebody has to learn wisdom or despair; somebody has to be rescued from "the lions" or else be devoured by them; the lions of experience, of good or evil, of other personalities, of inner traits, of the flow of events, and so on. You have set yourself, that is, the classical task, the most important one of all, of showing man against the gods. You, in no matter how modern a guise, have joined the company of Aeschylus, and either the gods win, or else man achieves some victory, no matter how temporary or small.

Obviously this is Mrs. Morris's intention, but the trouble is that her three main characters, Anna and Jessa, the two sisters who grow from childhood to young womanhood, and their widowed uncle-in-law, Rolf, first found together in the old Swedish manor house of Berg, after a number of years and many experiences, all go out by the same holes they came in.

Edita Morris

They have learned nothing. Rolf, huge, beautiful, a mighty huntsman and fisherman, remains just as irresponsible as ever and just as unconsciously cruel, despite his easy good humor and his fondness for tramps. Anna, equally beautiful, remains statically so until old enough to seduce Rolf, an easy undertaking, and eventually marry him. While as for Jessa, restless and energetic, clearly out to save her "darling," that is to say, her own personality from "the lions," she goes to a city and becomes a newspaper-woman and finally, disgusted by her experiences and the worthless people she has met, flees to Lapland, where she comes upon a young doctor she has met before who has sacrified a brilliant future to work among the neglected Lapps. Jessa appreciates his worth and marries him. That seems like progress, but it isn't, for Jessa, despite her eagerness to learn and experience, is just as irresponsible and unconsciously cruel as her former uncle-in-law and prospective brother-in-law, Rolf, or the irresponsible people from whom she flees.

What, therefore, is everybody running away from, or to? And who is being saved, and from what? And who are "the lions" and who are "the darlings?"

This, it goes without saying, is no plea for obvious morals in art, but when you state a premise you have to do something about it. And back of all this is some of the most exquisite writing and feeling I have come across in a long while, and any number of clear-cut, and tragic or humorous, but always just descriptions of minor characters. Seldom will you find a more perfect portrait than that of the old grandmother at Berg who is still living when Jessa and Anna are young and who, confined to her bedroom, sits all day at her window, staring out at the forests and mountains and yet who, even after death, is the guiding spirit and spiritual chatelaine of the place. And then there is Fröken de Bar, the tragic and drunken governess and music teacher, and Aunt Ninna, the beautiful young aunt in love with life, who is dying of tuberculosis. And Aunt Petronella. And Aunt Emilia. And Aunt Helga. And Frida, the old servant, and innumerable others. Village people, and country people, and people in the Swedish towns. A notable portrait gallery. And when it comes to the description of the old house itself and Mrs. Morris's native Sweden, whether it be the mountain countryside around Berg, or the city by the sea to which Jessa goes, or the cold solitudes of Lapland, or the small remote town to which Natanael the publisher retires, the magic is infallible. As a matter of fact, the real hero of the story is the old house, Berg, and the real heroine, Sweden; the Swedish winters, the Swedish summers, the springs multicolored with flowers, the long grape-green or grape-purple Swedish summer nights; the summer festivals, the ways of the people. This is witchcraft, and witchcraft is a lovely thing to come upon in writing, and there's none too much of it.

I trust that Mrs. Morris will forgive me for finding any fault at all with her enchanting book. It is not captiousness but the sincere compliment of attempted analysis. A lesser book would deserve a lesser criticism. And feeling as Mrs. Morris does about winds and waters and mountains and forests, and the sea, and old and twisted streets, I wish that she would find some place in her cosmogony for men and women. Disgusting as they may be, and possibly they seem such only because we know them better than anything else, they are, after all, the only things of the kind we have. Either we work with them with patient compunction and the knowledge that the bell tolls for all alike, or else we abandon them utterly for the agonized satire of a Swift. In either case, terror and mystery, as well as irony and pity, are implicit.

Until the present war there grew

(*Continued on page* 35)

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"Anon."—Britain's Favorite Author

The Government Document Undergoes a Face Lifting

A. KEITH FOWLER

GOVERNMENT documents have not been noted as exciting and pleasurable reading—even in the land of Shakespeare and Edgar Wallace. Probably the only one of the British Government's publishing ventures to have a sale of several thousand copies was "Traffic in Women and Children"—a report on the white slave trade. Until the war this grisly document, it is said, enjoyed the distinction of being the British Government's best-seller. But today America's Book-of-the-Month Club is offering to its 600,000 members, as its June selection, a British Government report. The report is "Combined Operations—The Official Story of the Commandos." Its English edition probably marks an all time record for a first printing, with 750,000 copies.

"Combined Operations" is by no means the first best-seller published by the British Government since the war began. On a March morning in 1941 there appeared on the newsstands and in the bookships, all over the United Kingdom, a small book entitled "The Battle of Britain." The whole of the first edition was snapped up within a week. Today "The Battle of Britain" is in its forty-third edition. It has been printed in twenty-four languages. There is a Braille edition, and Doubleday, Doran has brought out an American edition for twenty-five cents. Total sales to date in the United Kingdom are nearly five million copies, and about a million more in other countries. (Compare "Mein Kampf"—five-and-a-half million copies in Germany; "Gone with the Wind"—three million copies in the United States.)

This spectacular best-seller, too, was a British Government document, written with the usual official anonymity. It carried no by-line of a famous and popular author to boost its sales. Here, however, was a book which told a story close to the personal experience of every man, woman, and child in Great Britain—and told it brilliantly. Here, for once, was a Government document written by someone who really knew how to write.

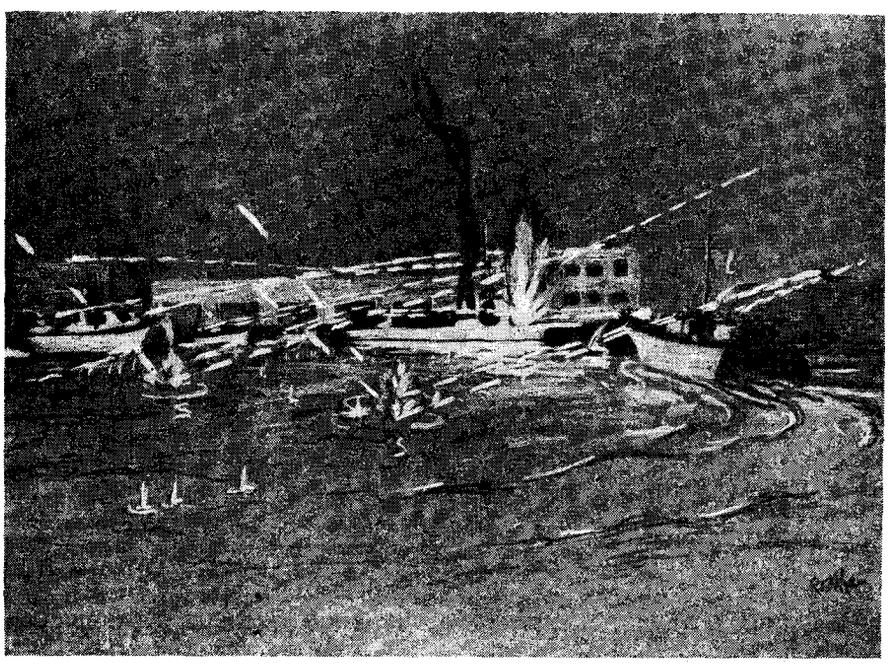
This first Government best-seller was conceived one day in that department of the British Air Ministry which issues the crisp, matter-of-fact official communiqués on the R.A.F.'s operations. Thumbing through the file of communiqués covering the days of the Battle of Britain of 1940 was an official who happened to possess a sure and experienced eye for a thrilling story. He was Hilary St. George Saunders who, in collaboration with John Palmer, has written thirty-seven thrillers under the joint *nom-de-plume* of Francis Beeding.

"Did anyone ever think of writing a book from these communiqués?" Saunders asked one of his superiors. "No," was the reply, "why don't you start now?" Saunders took this as an order and set to work then and there. Within six weeks he had completed "The Battle of Britain." Saunders, it should be said, did not grow rich on the royalties. All he has ever received for this, and for his subsequent official books, was his modest official salary. (In 1939 a French fortune-teller told him "You will write one of the most successful best-sellers of all time—and you won't make a penny out of it.")

Hilary Saunders's brain-wave was no accident. If it had not occurred to him, it would have occurred to someone else. It was in the air. In no war in history has it been so essential for the government to take the "general public" into its confidence and supply it with the fullest information, in a popular and digestible form. This is true because, in the first place, it is a people's war and the people have a right to know how it is being fought. But hardly less compelling is the fact that in the Western democracies the appetite for information has grown to staggering proportions. It is a hunger for facts, and views with suspicion and distaste icing or ingenious sauces. In the years immediately before the war this appetite was nourished by the proteins and vitamins of the radio newscasters and commentators, the big circulation picture news magazines, the newsreels, the dispatches of the glamorous foreign correspondents, and the spate of "Inside" and "I Saw It" books they were turning out by the score, long before they put on khaki and slipped around their sleeves those green brassards marked "C."

IN "Bomber Command" Saunders did for the R.A.F.'s Bomber Command what he did for the Fighter Command in "The Battle of Britain." Sales to date in the United Kingdom have been one-and-one-third million. This was followed recently by "Bomber Command Continues" (half a million copies sold), bringing the story of the R.A.F. offensive on Germany up to the great thousand-bomber raid on Cologne of May 30 of last year.

The War Office entered this rich literary market with a series of accounts of the various campaigns fought by the British Army in this war. "The Battle of Flanders" (three-quarters of a million copies); "The Campaign in Greece and Crete" (100,000 copies); "The Defense of Calais" (one-quarter million copies); "They Sought Out Rommel," an account of General Auchinleck's first campaign in Libya (50,000 copies). These volumes, deviating from normal practice, bore the by-lines of such writers as Ian Hay, Eric Linklater, David Garnett, and Sean Fielding. But anonymity was success-



—Drawing by Commander R. E. D. Ryder, V. C., from "Combined Operations."

H.M.S. "Campbeltown" hitting the lock gates in the St. Nazaire area.

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fully observed with "Destruction of an Army" (one-third million copies), the story of Wavell's defeat of Graziani, and with "The Abyssinian Campaign" (one-quarter million); also the new "The Battle of Egypt" (one-and-one-half million copies) that covers the desert campaign from the Battle of El Alamein to the capture of Tripoli —the campaign depicted in the film "Desert Victory." "The Battle of Egypt" has now been published in the United States by the British Information Services for fifteen cents. It contains ninety illustrations, most of them stills from the film.

The Admiralty has issued three official books. The first, "Ark Royal" (one-half million copies), tells the story of the famous aircraft carrier, sunk so many times by the torpedoes of Nazi propaganda. The others are "His Majesty's Minesweepers" (just published) and "East of Malta, West of Suez," an exciting account of the Royal Navy's operations in the Eastern Mediterranean, up to the Battle of Matapan. This one has sold 700,000 copies in Great Britain. Though anonymous, its author happens to be "Bartimeus," the popular writer of a number of books about ships and the men who sail them. He is following it up shortly with a sequel on naval warfare in the Eastern Mediterranean since Matapan.

An interesting experiment in collaboration was made by the Air Ministry and the War Office when they put their heads together and wrote "Roof Over Britain," the story of the men and women of the anti-aircraft gun crews and the balloon barrage. Since publication last December three-quarters of a million copies have been sold.

The Ministry of Home Security's "Front Line," recently published in America, is the moving record of the part played by Britain's civilians, and civil defense services, in the blitz of 1940-41, illustrated with nearly two hundred remarkable photographs. The author behind its anonymity is S. C. Leslie, Public Relations Director of the Home Office. In England, "Front Line's" first edition of 343,000 was sold out on publication day. To date the British people have bought nearly two million copies.

Latest of the Air Ministry's works is "Coastal Command," which has sold over a million copies in England. This was Hilary Saunders's last job before he left the Air Ministry to become Recorder on Lord Louis Mountbatten's staff at Combined Operations Command.

The publisher of these official best-sellers is His Majesty's Stationery Office (the British equivalent of the U. S. Government Printing Office), in partnership with the Ministry of Information. The Stationery Office performs the function of printing and distribution to retailers, while the Ministry of Information does the editorial work, designs the physical format, selects the pictures, and so forth. According to the most recent reports, the British Government has made a profit of £30,000 ($120,000, at the current rate of exchange) as a publisher of best-sellers.

The British people stand in line on publication day, and plank down their sixpences and shillings and half crowns for these official reports for the simplest of reasons—nearly everybody enjoys reading about themselves, and most of these books are about events in which their readers, or those very close to them, have had a role.

The fact that these books are official is no disadvantage—it is the guarantee of their authenticity. They are written from the official records of the Ministries and Services. As many of the above titles show, they record not only the victories but also the defeats. They describe the blunders as fully as the most brilliant successes. No fact, however bitter, is omitted or glossed over merely because it is disagreeable. Nothing is left out except "information of value to the enemy." It is the policy of Britain's War Cabinet, expressed in written directives to those concerned, that every fact about the war must be told to the British public the moment it is safe to tell it. The author starts work with every relevant document before him—from the secret minutes written for presentation to the Prime Minister and War

How the Commandos Work

COMBINED OPERATIONS. The Official Story of the Commandos. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 155 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
SQUADRON LEADER MURRAY HARRIS

HILARY ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS, best seller of them all, applies his graphic pen this time to publicizing the exploits of the paladins of this war, the Commandos. It is this author's best effort, among the many good ones we have had.

The name "Commando" was taken from those raiding parties of Boers, who caused the British so much trouble at the turn of this century in South Africa. In reality they are not a separate force, but form only a part of the Combined Operations Command, to which many other units are temporarily attached for training; not only British and Dominion troops, but also Americans and selected men from all the Allies. But it is the Commandos who play the spectacular role, and have taken first place in public esteem. Thus such exploits as the raids on Lofoten and Vaasgo and even the large scale combined assault on St. Nazaire have come to be regarded as commando operations; so too with the capture of Madagascar and the reconnaissance in force on the beaches of Dieppe.

For the first time we have the official account of these stirring events in the familiar Saunders's style; and if it is true that practice makes perfect, we find the proof of it in his inimitable presentation of battle scenes.

The minor raids, we are told, are not an end in themselves; they serve far more as training for the ultimate end—invasion, in which the hardest jobs of all will again fall to the Commandos. All arms—land, sea, and air—have their commando troops, trained together to ensure perfect cooperation in action. The value of the experience gained in the conduct of these combined operations is hard to exaggerate, because no large scale attack on the continent of Europe could be successfully mounted without this experience.

The sensation-seeker will get more than his fill from the inspiring scenes so graphically portrayed and will come to wonder that men can succeed in suppressing all normal human reactions to the point of driving themselves on to almost certain destruction, as in the case of the *Campbeltown*. This heroic episode equals, if it does not surpass, the blocking of Zeebrugge harbor in the last war. Caught in the blinding glare of many searchlights and raked from stem to stern at close range by guns of every calibre, the *Campbeltown* kept going and shooting hard, until she ground into the gates of the big dock at 1.34 A.M., four minutes late on schedule. No officer returned to tell the tale, for all the crew were either killed or taken prisoner. But the only dock capable of taking the *Tirpitz* on the whole of this coast was put out of action, probably for the duration, and all harbor installations wrecked.

The tale of the attack on St. Nazaire is certainly the highlight of this book, followed as a close second by the saga of Dieppe, but all other commando operations are depicted with equal skill. "Combined Operations" is liberally provided with excellent photographs of scenes of action, but the publishers might have given us better sketch maps. Readers always appreciate a good map, as it helps them to follow the text, and those supplied are almost unreadable and quite unworthy of this book.

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Cabinet, to the notes scribbled on the back of an old envelope by the junior officer or soldier immediately as he comes off a raid. He writes without any regard for security. His copy, when finished, is submitted to security officers for censoring. The story of Dieppe, in "Combined Operations," the latest work from Hilary Saunders's typewriter, recounts a raid rich in secrets, yet only about ten per cent of the original was censored.

Every item in these reports to the people is researched and checked to the smallest detail. How strictly, is shown by the fact that one of the most gallant incidents in the raid on St. Nazaire was omitted from "Combined Operations," because it could not be confirmed first-hand. Many reports had been made to the effect that one of the British Commando officers, who had been taken prisoner, stood near the *H.M.S. Campbeltown,* after she had rammed the gates of the *Forme Ecluse.* A large group of very high-ranking German officers were hesitating whether to go on board or not. They feared the block ship was loaded with explosives and might blow up. The British officer knew they were right, but realized the advantage of blowing up this particular group of Nazi officers. So, to convince them that it was quite safe, he offered to show them around the ship himself. He conducted the German officers aboard and, shortly after, this huge time-bomb went off. All were killed.

This story has been brought independently to Combined Operations Headquarters by several Frenchmen who have escaped from St. Nazaire, and by several British Commandos captured at St. Nazaire who also escaped. It is well known, apparently, to every resident in and around St. Nazaire. But none who has reported the incident actually saw it happen, although many heard it from eye-witnesses. This is not good enough for the authors of these official reports to the British people. Nothing not actually authenticated by an eye-witness is allowed to go onto their pages.

Hilary St. George Saunders, the man who originated these official best-sellers and who has written more of them than anybody else, is now in the United States. He has been visiting Washington and discussing with the Office of War Information, at the request of Mr. Elmer Davis, the problems of producing these reports to democratic people on the conduct of their war. He believes that one of the most powerful weapons the democracies have is the weapon of critical intelligence based on full information, and he believes that by writing these books he is forging weapons essential to the victory of the democracies.

Pilgrimage South

SOUTH AMERICAN JOURNEY. By Waldo Frank. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 404 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HUBERT HERRING

THE name of Waldo Frank poses two puzzles; South Americans would know why North Americans do not take this writer more seriously; North Americans ask why he is regarded as a major prophet by Latin Americans. This, his latest volume, offers a clue.

This is the clue: Waldo Frank treats the Latin Americans with *respect.* Many Latin Americans are convinced that North Americans regard them as rather funny people, a bit tire-

—Drawing by Mielziner

Waldo Frank knows the secret of speaking to South America.

some, rather incompetent, not to be seriously regarded. Waldo Frank for a dozen years has been saying that the civilization of Ibero-America has a quality of spiritual sensitivity denied to the materialistic North. He thereby confirms the earlier judgment of José Enrique Rodó and Manuel Ugarte. Thus he pleases the Latin Americans—many of them, at least—and offends North Americans—or such as read what he writes.

The decision as to the distribution of spiritual awareness between Americans, North and South, must be left to the metaphysicians. The item of *respect* remains important. It is an essential ingredient which the cooks of the New Pan-Americanism have often forgotten to throw into the pot. If Mr. Frank's ministrations result in softening the hearts and hardening the heads of our goodwillers, his words and wounds will not have been in vain.

Last winter, Mr. Frank made another pilgrimage South. He visited Brazil, Argentina, Chile, and other countries. He spoke to great audiences; he said many true and useful things about the struggles of our times. From Buenos Aires, he issued his "Farewell to Argentina," in which he counselled that land and people to consider their responsibility in the "Deep War" for human freedom. The Castillo government declared him *persona non grata.* Five hoodlums forced their way into his apartment and gave him a beating, thereby assuring him a thousand hearers for each one he had before.

"South American Journey" is the record of that trip. It tells of poets, painters, philosophers, politicians—much of it revealing sensitive insight and quick appreciation of the grave problems which confront these nations. It was a "preaching mission" as surely as any ever undertaken by a black-mantled Dominican; Waldo Frank was carrying the message of democracy to lands where the seeds of that gospel had fallen on shallow, hard, and thorny soil. The people heard him gladly. The privileged—"but I have stayed away from the *elite* as much as I could on this journey . . . who invite me only because I have become *la mode.*" The lowly also welcomed him. He notes in southern Argentina: "The rough-hewn and sensitive folk are interested in *me.* That's what they had me there for: to look at me, and to look again. . . . If I'd just stood on the platform in silence they would have been satisfied. But doubtless it made it a bit easier for me to talk." Again, still in Argentina, he notes that "no one has ever had a 'better press.' The causes are multiple. There is my intrinsic place in the heart and mind of Argentina. . . . I am a symbol." In Chile, again enthusiastically welcomed: "I had become a flag for democracy; they intended to wave it." A symbol, a flag, but he also found himself in the poet's role; he addressed a chapter to Bolivia and Paraguay, counselling them to unite in one strong nation—"Friends of Bolivia and Paraguay," he concluded this plea, "I could not come to you on this journey. Take instead the gift of this proposal. It is a poet's dream. Both your lands have prospered, when they listened to the poets." But it was as a prophet that his disciples received him, although one of the less reverent was heard to remark that the Prophets of Israel invariably began their sentences with "Thus saith the Lord," while Waldo Frank's begin with a simple I.

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MY WAR WITH JAPAN. By Carroll Alcott. New York: Henry Holt. 1943. 368 *pp.* $3.

The Japanese Enemy an

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

THE wealth of China flowed to Shanghai, with its secure vaults, comforts, and pleasures. China's poverty also came to Shanghai, to seek a full bowl of rice and a roof overhead. The wealth and the poverty combined to make the city a vast and fertile breeding ground of crime. Its men of evil were banded together in secret societies with thousands of members. Its crime lords were men of power who dominated industry and commerce and played a major role in national politics. Its traffic in drugs involved hundreds of millions of dollars, and its webs of gambling and prostitution enmeshed tens of thousands of lives.

Crime, thus, was Shanghai's biggest concern—next to politics—and no newspaper could hope to prosper unless it had a top-rate crime reporter. The pride of the China Press was a 200-pound Iowan named Carroll Alcott, who gravitated to Shanghai by way of Wyoming, Denver, and Manila. Crime, and he knew more of it than any reporter in Asia. A jolly man with a booming voice and a generous supply of stories, he was well liked by police officers, and, as a result, was made privy to many police secrets. When these involved the Japanese—as they often did — the British police chiefs gave Alcott permission to break the secrets in print.

Some time in 1938, an American producer of bread, butter, and ice cream, who owned a radio station on the side, cast about for a news commentator. Alcott had an audition, and emerged from it with a high rating. Thus was born a remarkable career.

The earthy sense of humor, the deep voice, and the courage which endeared Alcott to the police officers also drew to him a vast radio audience. Twice a day, every English-speaking listener in Shanghai tuned in on XMHA to hear Alcott's racy account of world affairs.

But the secret of Alcott's success lay deeper than that. In an ether filled with Axis propaganda his voice became the cry of a free man against aggression. He attacked the rape of Czechoslovakia, Spain, and Albania. He did not stop with Italy and Germany. Taking his life in his hands, he also assailed Japan. This was something Asia's millions wanted desperately to hear—and, if possible, hear it said with an American accent.

Thus, Alcott ceased to be a Shanghai habit. His fame reached to all corners of occupied and Free China. In Tientsin and Peiping and Tsinan, all who could sought his voice through the crackle of the static. In distant Chungking, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek became a faithful listener. But the air waves ignored geographical boundaries, and traveled beyond — to Japan and the Philippines, to India, Iraq, and Iran. When the British Ambassador, Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr, wanted to reach British nationals in Asia, he appeared as a guest on Alcott's program.

The Japanese were incensed. Their stations tried to jam his broadcasts. Japanese warships along the China coast had a standing assignment to

Carroll Alcott

drown his voice. The Japanese Embassy lodged violent protests with the Municipal Council and the American Consulate-General. When all else failed, they tried repeatedly to murder him. In an enervating Shanghai summer, he began to wear a forty-pound bullet-proof vest and carry an automatic pistol.

It was not long before his name appeared on the Japanese black list of newspapermen marked for extermination. Some of the men on the list had already been murdered in cold blood when Alcott went home on a furlough a few months before Pearl Harbor. This saved his life, for he would have been one of the first to be tossed by the Japanese gendarmes into Shanghai's infamous Bridge House. It was there that Alcott's editor, John B. Powell, lost his feet. Today, Alcott is a news commentator in the Middle West.

"My War with Japan" is the record of Alcott's experiences in the Philippines and China. It is the story of his encounters with gun-runners, drug traffickers, kidnappers, smugglers, spies, and killers. It is a story of Japanese intrigue and conquest in China, and the story of Shanghai before and after the advent of the Japanese. It is, finally, the story of Alcott's own role in bucking the Japanese tide.

Among the delightful stories in the book is the tale of Karl Gutzlaff, the Protestant missionary who converted hundreds of Chinese a century ago. Unable to pay otherwise for his travels, Gutzlaff traded his knowledge of China for passage on opium clippers. On arrival at a Chinese port, Gutzlaff enlightened the heathen, while his companions sold narcotics.

There is also the story of how Judge Kiang, of the Shanghai District Court, put an end to slot machines. To make sure that the machines were unfair, he decided to test them. Unfortunately, he struck three oranges on his first try, and was thus tempted to continue. When he ran out of change, he sent a court clerk to exchange a five-dollar bill for coins. That lost, he exchanged another five-dollar note. The news got around, and soon the courtroom was packed with people watching the hot and unhappy judge, by now without his gown, play the slot machine. The result was foredoomed. Having lost $20, the angry judge banned slot machines in the Settlement.

There is the story of the jamming of Alcott's broadcasts by the Japanese. In retaliation, he opened his daily recital with news with the "commercial": "This broadcast is brought to you by courtesy of the Bake-rite Company, makers of better bread. The jam is by courtesy of the Japanese Army." Unable to stand the loss of face, the Japanese Embassy finally offered to end the jamming if Alcott would only drop the credit line. The offer was accepted.

Much of the book is devoted to an analysis of Japan's aggression and aims, and these portions are neither especially fresh nor well organized. But the attraction of the book lies not in analysis, but in the stories of Alcott's own adventures and the vignettes of life in the Orient. These are told well and simply, and one could only wish there were more of them.

"My War with Japan" is an eminently readable chronicle of personal adventure—and a realistic survey of the mischievous and cruel ways by which Japan gained mastery in large areas of Asia.

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What to Do About Him

SHORT CUT TO TOKYO. By Corey Ford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 141 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by HALLETT ABEND

WRITING with the double advantage of having done some exploration of the islands of Attu and Kiska and other parts of the Aleutian chain in the Summer before Pearl Harbor, and then of having spent some months there with our flying forces last Autumn and Winter, Corey Ford, in his "Short Cut to Tokyo" is able to present a timely and vivid picture of our present campaign against the Japanese southwest of Alaska.

In the Aleutians, as in all other areas involved in the war in the Pacific, the distances seem almost incredibly long to persons who have not visited those far-off parts of the globe. Mr. Ford does a very fine job indeed in making understandable the terrific handicaps which our under-staffed and ill-equipped forces had to struggle against during the first part of Japan's eastward push toward Alaska proper. He sings a moving saga of the continuous battle against cold and fog and rain and ice in those inhospitable islands made up largely of active volcanoes which project from the numbingly cold seas as treeless combinations of lava slag, rubble rack, and soggy tundra.

The descriptions of locale and of military, air, and naval problems move swiftly, with enough of human interest and sketchy characterization to give them life and color. In view of the fact that the ejection of the Japanese from Kiska will probably be our next major effort in the islands, this book on the Aleutians and the mode of life of our fighting forces there is particularly timely.

The white man's incredible folly in having permitted unlimited Japanese exploration, map making, ocean soundings, and surveying was not confined to the lush islands of the tropics. Here in this Alaskan chain, the Summer before the war began, Mr. Ford found the same evidences of Japanese spying that was to be found in the Philippines, in Malaya, and in the Netherlands East Indies. In the Aleutians the Japanese experienced bad luck, and did not succeed as they did in the more southerly regions. But they succeeded to a degree which will force us to a large expenditure of life, time, and treasure before we blast them out.

PRISONER OF THE JAPS. By Gwen Dew. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 309 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

ON the morning of Pearl Harbor a formation of planes approached Hong Kong's Kai-Tek airport. "The British are having some air maneuvers today," remarked an American. Over the airport the planes showered black daggers of death and destruction, killing innocent men and wrecking the Hong Kong clipper. They power-dived over a nearby market to machine-gun eight hundred men, women, and children. The planes bore the insignia of the Rising Sun. Japan's war had come to "the impenetrable Fortress of the Far East."

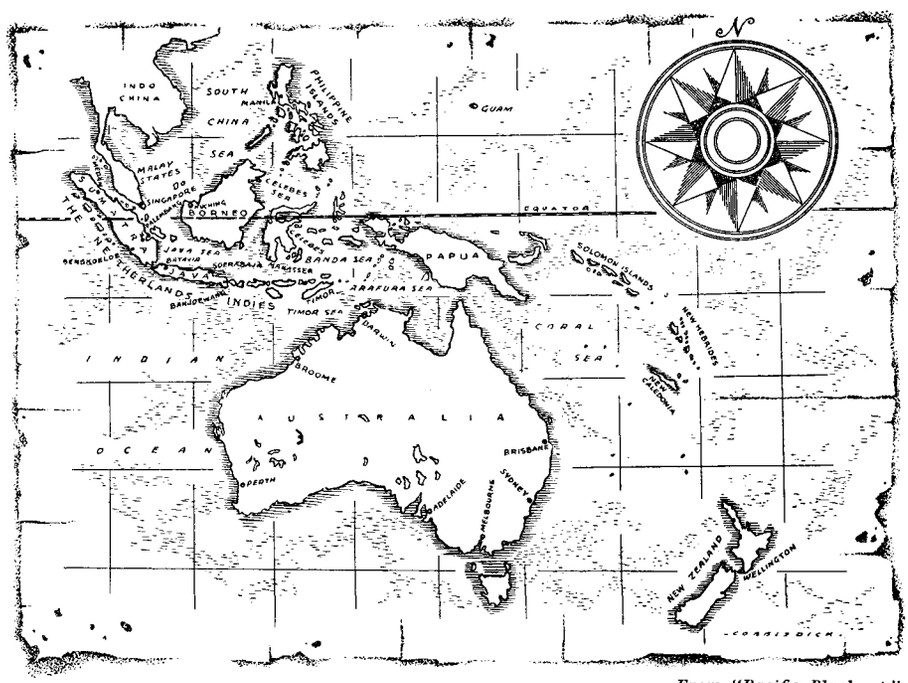
There is more horror in this book than in any book on the Pacific War that the reviewer has read. If anyone doubts the nature of the enemy in the Far East, let him read Miss Dew's account of disemboweled babies and mass-raped British nurses. "Prisoner of the Japs" is deeply impaled on the sharp, bloody point of a bayonet, symbol of the ghoulish sadism of Japan's little fighting demons.

It is a fair book, too, an admirable product of objective reporting and American sportsmanship. Miss Dew has the courage to pay tribute to the various Japanese who were kind to her throughout her imprisonment. She condemns the greedy and selfish among her fellow prisoners. She indicts the politicians, officials, and red tape responsible for military unpreparedness in the Pacific. In fact, it is her sense of fair play that lends weight to her report of Japanese atrocities in Hong Kong.

In 1941 Miss Dew, an American war correspondent and photographer, returned to the Orient after an absence of two years. On the evening of December 8 she was to fly to Chungking to take colored movies of the Chinese war effort, her voluntary contribution to the cause of Free China. Instead she found herself caught up in the bloody battle of Hong Kong. She used her 5000 feet of film to record the confused and gallant defense of the Crown Colony. The defense soon collapsed against the wave-upon-wave impact of Japan's murderous hordes. "No matter how many we kill, they keep on coming," was the cry of Britain's little band of heroic soldiers.

"Prisoner of the Japs" is more than a personal chronicle of the author's experiences as a clay pigeon in the tiny shooting range of Britain's doomed fortress and as one of the 3500 prisoners in death-stalked, terror-haunted Camp Stanley. It is a competent analysis of the military situation in the Crown Colony and of the efficient strategy of the Japanese. Miss Dew reports in detail the military preparedness of the enemy, from the scientific equipment of the individual soldier to the 25,000 trained German police dogs sent to Japan by the Nazis for use in swamp and mountain ambush.

Miss Dew joins the other Pacific war correspondents who remind us that Japan, in a few short months, became the second largest empire in the world and that we are allowing her plenty of time to consolidate and defend that empire.



—From "Pacific Blackout."

The area for protection and redemption.

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AGE OF RESPONSIBILITY

IN reading Norman Angell's "Let the People Know," I came upon the subtitle, "What Duties Go with Freedom." I also came across the sentence, "If the story of human association tells us anything, it is that where all demand complete freedom, none has any." These things are worth pondering in the mounting tempo of this war, which may reach a crescendo any day now, in the assault upon the European fortress. We are fighting for the freedom of men and nations. We are, at the same time, incurring great international responsibilities. Indeed, a long time ago, we might cogently, and preventatively, have asked ourselves the question, "What Duties Go with Freedom." Duty is the grimmest of all words to most of us. In the Twenties we passed through an irresponsible era when the stern daughter of the voice of God was never further from our threshold; an age, it may be said, brought upon us by those who conceived Duty in far too narrow and too censorious a light, and chiefly as a mandate to keep other people from indulging in alcoholic spirits. The course of Duty for an American is always between fanaticism and irresponsibility. But that is, after all, the perilous path of the human race.

"Let us talk," says Norman Angell, "less of independence, which none can have in any civilized society, and more of equality of right, which all can have; less of neutrality, which would inevitably deliver the majority over to organized violence, and more of partnership in the defense of law, by which alone that Right to Life for which we now fight can be made secure." If the war is doing anything to our minds it is, I hope, moving them with a sense of such responsibility toward the rest of our fellow men, and toward the rest of the world. Yet remarks are overheard here and there, and now and then, which would seem to indicate rather the reverse. Just the other day I heard of one. "America," enunciated an American, "is making a fetish of Democracy." To give him the benefit of the doubt, I suppose that the Democracy of which he spoke was capitalized. There is a capitalized (over-capitalized) sort of Democracy which is chiefly lip-service. But the sort that every American feels in his heart and in the air he breathes, somewhat vague, somewhat intangible, often outraged by events, is, it seems to me, the pith and core of that for which we are now fighting. If we are making a fetish of *that*, we are worshipping it with the hearts' blood of our young men on many seas and in many lands. And my own belief is that it is no Moloch, but the living God of Mankind.

Is it possible that we in the United States are at last, for all the doubters —and, yes, for all the ranting smearers of Democracy—entering into an Age of Responsibility? It is high time. I think of that responsibility in its highest terms. But today, in order to be realistic, those are the only terms upon which it actually exists. The sense of responsibility of the isolationist, for instance, may be admitted in some instances, but it will no longer do. It is outlawed by cold facts. Willy-nilly, the sense of which I have been speaking must operate in regard to *the world as a whole*. That does not mean, naturally, that the United States is to arrogate to itself the function of leading the world into some sort of future millenium. But it has no choice but to assume responsibility, jointly with the other United Nations, for the world's future. Before the work can be done that will need to be done after the fighting, the feeling of responsibility for this war, and for the peace that will emerge from it, must really and profoundly enter the consciences of all of us. It will, unfortunately, never quite do that; for there will always be irresponsible parasites and politicians, and demagogues and industrialists, to try to lead us astray again. But chiefly among the men and women who deal with the written and printed word that sense of responsibility as to what they write and print will be a large factor in keeping us upon the reasonable road.

This sense of responsibility has nothing to do with a vague and sentimental humanitarianism. We know now that that kind of thing, alleviating as may have been some of its end products, is really of no use in a world as steel-hard and stripped for action as that of today. This sense must be mixed with a great quantity of what is known as common sense. But the range must be lifted to a new objective. Judge Gary once said, "Being good after you have been driven to it does not breed much public confidence." That is dry understatement. If and when Big Business, for instance, begins to perceive the new horizons of today, it will be as formidable a worker for the better world that is entirely possible, as it is now, in some respects, that new world's most formidable foe. So long as the large corporations try to remain a law unto themselves, so long will that continue. "A law unto themselves," or "a law unto himself"! That goes quite as much for John L. Lewis! Such is the unfortunate reading many Americans apply to American liberty. But American liberty is an organic, growing, and changing thing; it is the hope of the ordinary man in the world of today. It promises a rational solution to increasingly demanding human problems, problems we have never quite faced with the whole potential strength of our wills, and the entire energy of minds working for a common good.

W. R. B.

Sonnet

By Melville Keats-Cane

"If Keats were alive today, he would write a sonnet on first tuning in to WQXR." —*M. L. Schuster in SRL.*

MUCH I have travailed in the realms of air,
And many a ghastly program have I heard,
Often to anger or to anguish stirred,
Times when the pain was more than I could bear;
When the commercial, with its vulgar blare,
Led me to wish the sponsor well-interred,
And silence was a state to be preferred,
And the net experience bordered on despair.

Then, when it seemed that Art was lost to Soap,
And Beauty the ash of a flavor-rich cigar,
And I had all but quite abandoned hope,
I met a friend,— thanks to a lucky star!—
Whose quick rebuke was: "Where have you been, you dope?"
And then my prayers were answered by *QXR.

*The W is silent.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Charles T. Griffes"

SIR: It may seem quibbling to find fault with Professor Douglas Moore's generally appreciative review of my biography, "Charles T. Griffes," in *The Saturday Review* for May 29. Nevertheless, one error is of such prominence that I should like to clear it up or at least indicate its presence, without commenting on the substance of the review itself.

Mr. Moore says, "The characterization of the *Sonata for Piano* as 'the first major utterance in American music' is sophomoric. Must every good American work be hailed as the true beginning of our national art? There must be an end of the beginning some time." The characterization would indeed have been sophomoric had I said what Mr. Moore says that I said.

My statement was simply: "It [the Griffes *Sonata*] is the first major utterance in American music." From this Mr. Moore adduces two additional propositions that are not contained in the premise (and that are explicitly and emphatically rejected throughout my text).

(1) There exists such a thing as "our national art." (We are not speaking of popular music here.) Over and over again through the pages of my biography I deny this contention. Here is a sample passage: "As late as 1940, when the lack of a serious native musical tradition was no less acute than in Griffes's time. . . ."

(2) Griffes's music in the *Sonata* marks the beginning of this national development. Yet I make it plain that Griffes's was an intensely personal expression that offers nothing of a national character upon which other composers may build. (They may profit only from certain technical devices and effects.) Again, here is a sample passage: "In a country that lacked an indigenous musical tradition at the level of thought and of feeling at which he intended to compose, Griffes seems early to have decided upon a course of personal salvation."

My statement about the *Sonata*, following upon a sixteen-page chapter devoted to the closest analysis of that work, was a value-judgment expressing my belief that the *Sonata* is the first American work to attain a certain stature. It says nothing about "our native art," in whose existence I do not believe, and therefore nothing at all about the beginning of any such art, and certainly nothing about the "true beginning" of such an art.

If I may vary Mr. Moore's reasonable plea, I should say that, so far as concerns the *Sonata* and the period of American music that I was discussing, our beginning was our end.

EDWARD M. MAISEL.

Hunter Field, Ga.

"Take a ladder, Miss Murphy."

Is America Incurable?

SIR: Your panel discussion "Is Germany Incurable?" is illuminating—but the question on which light is thrown is not the one asked, but rather: Is America incurable?

Suppose after the fall of France and before the air raids on England, Hitler had turned on Russia and proclaimed his crusade against Bolshevism? Suppose, further, that Japan had not attacked Pearl Harbor but instead had chosen to carve out a slice of Russia and more of China?

Would we have recognized the nature of German and Japanese action as long as it was directed against someone else—someone far away (Spain is not so far) or that a lot of us didn't like? What kind of affliction is it that has an effect of this kind? What kept us from seeing until Pearl Harbor that we are involved in what happens in the rest of the world? Did Pearl Harbor bring us understanding, or did it merely push us into the middle of something we still do not understand?

Until we can diagnose our own case, it seems to me we would do well not to jump to conclusions about the Germans. Unfortunately, we have to do something about them; but as long as we do not even try to understand the problem, refuse to use the only language which can reveal our own share in it—as long as we implicitly deny that there is any right and wrong, how do we have any chance of getting closer to the right and further away from the wrong?

W. T. COUCH.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

"Pilots of 1942"

SIR: Why not establish a prize for the best poem in the *SRL* and then give it to Leonard Bacon for his "Pilots of 1942."

An inspiration and relief! Clear vision unhampered by stale images of the past rising to the terse utterance of the wind cleaned affirmation—

The valiant—
They'll take the sort of cup that
they must drink of,
As it should be taken.

O. R. HOWARD THOMSON.

Williamsport, Pa.

Shakspeare

SIR: The Copernicus anniversary reminds me. We look down smugly on Shakspeare because, knowing that names like *Germanicus* and *Angelica* are regularly accented on the syllable before the *i*, he erroneously accented *Andronicus* in the same way. But, while we feel so superior, we all fall into the same trap on the names *America* and *Copernicus*. Or am I mistaken in thinking that both these names were originally intended to be accented on the *i*, and ought to have kept that accent?

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

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The Compleat Collector

Some Almanacs and Almanac Makers

CARL P. ROLLINS

FROM remote antiquity the motions of the heavenly bodies have been of absorbing interest to human beings, and calendars of their motions and positions have been matters of scientific research and tabulation. Early in the history of printing we find published almanacs; the "Kalendarium" of Joannes Regiomontanus published at Venice in 1476 is famous as the first printed book to have a title-page in the modern sense, and Regiomontanus was a printer as well as an almanac maker. The roster of printed almanacs, if one were extant, would run to very large proportions, but so far we have only a few bibliographies of issues in various countries or of specific periods. The numerous series of London Almanacs, issued under the aegis of the Stationers' Company in the eighteenth century, has never been adequately treated, although a monograph on English printed almanacs to 1600 was published by the Bibliographical Society. The gorgeous German almanacs, of which the "Münchener Kalendars" are examples, would make an excellent subject for an essay in English.

If astronomy is the foundation of the almanac, the superstructure has very commonly been astrology. Quasi-scientific predictions of the weather have been closely knit with the effect of the astral bodies on the mundane, and probably the government tide-tables are about the only calendars quite free from the alluring speculations of ancient and modern medicine-men and necromancers.

Almanac survivals in our own day in America are not so important as they were, for instance, to the snow-bound household of Whittier's boyhood, but they still survive in goodly numbers. They are as local in information and value as the weekly newspaper. The "Old Farmer's Almanac," founded by Robert B. Thomas in 1793, was "fitted to the town of Boston," and the current issue, the 151st, still carries that statement; the original codicil, "but will serve for any of the adjoining States," having been slightly modified to read "with special corrections and calculations this year to answer for all the United States." It is a favorite almanac for New Englanders, and will be found hanging on a nail in many a farm-house kitchen. But, despite its preëminence, it has rivals. In and around New London, Daboll's "New England Almanac and Farmers' Friend" is now in its 171st year, having been established in 1773. Residents of Southern New Hampshire still swear by Leavitt's Almanac. Gruber's "Hagers-town Town and Country Almanac," carefully calculated for the horizon of Maryland —but will serve for the adjacent States without material variation," brings out its one hundred and forty-sixth issue. These are only a few of such publications, and so far as I know there is no list available of local almanacs. One finds them in local shops, and they have no wide circulation. They are modest ephemera, selling usually for about fifteen cents, with paper covers. The contents are about the same, simple astronomical tables, of the sun, the moon and the tides, the eclipses duly advertised, saints' days, holidays and memorable events squeezed into the narrow columns. Advice and information for farmers has always been a prominent feature of the almanac, as well as "a variety of matter both useful and entertaining." At times some calendar of quasi-antiquarian appearance is issued, an interesting specimen being the Williamsburg Calendar, which in its variety of entertaining features includes drawings of some of the buildings in that rejuvenated town, many wise and moral aphorisms, and spaces for engagements. It is printed in antique style by The Dietz Press of Richmond.

Examples of the astrological almanacs are to be found in abundance in such fascinating browsing grounds as Brentano's basement. There is, for instance, "Raphael's Astronomical Ephemeris of the Planets' Places, . . . A Complete Aspectarian," or "Foulsham's Original Old Moore's Almanack [with] Prophetic Hieroglyphic Engravings." Dr. Francis Moore, whether an individual or a generic name for almanac makers, was responsible for many almanacs, and the publishers of Foulsham's claim that their almanac began in 1697, and boasts a sale of three million copies a year.

Proprietors of patent medicines have frequently issued almanacs, that of "Dr. Miles" being an example. These provide a minimum of astronomical and tidal data, with a maximum of advice on the alleviation of human ills.

If there exists no general bibliography of almanacs, Robert B. Thomas (1766-1846) and his "Farmer's Almanac" have achieved the dignity of a four hundred page biography issued in 1920 by the Harvard University Press. In this book Professor George L. Kittredge has provided a mass of bewildering information and quotation from and about the little yellow-covered annual so familiar to New Englanders.

THE word "Calendar" is, of course, synonymous with almanac, but in modern practice the former has come to mean an arrangement of from one to twelve sheets to be hung on the wall. In lush times all manner of business and semi-philanthropic concerns issue these affairs for free distribution. There are also calendars manufactured for the retail trade. Both varieties represent in general the more horrific tendencies of American Art. I have never been able to decide which is worse, the trucking concern which issued a mammoth broadside calendar with a grotesquely elongated nude or the corner grocery which gives its customers a calendar with an irrelevant picture atop a date pad with figures too small to be read without a glass. The exceptions to this rule of inept graphic art have been in general the calendars sent out by a few printers and paper manufacturers. Inherently the days of the month in Arabic numerals are not decorative, but when displayed on a calendar as functional elements they have occasionally been admirable examples of printing as well as useful data. The "duration," as one colored boy defines the war, has handicapped the calendar industry, but that old Boston favorite, the Phillips Brooks Calendar, is still with us. A recent development is the elaborately illustrated calendar of particular places, each leaf containing a reproduction of a fine photograph. But here of course functionalism gets almost pushed aside for the benefit of photographic exhibitionism.

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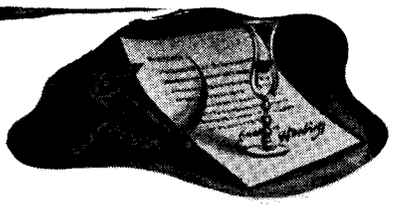

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European Labor Between Two Wars

THE TRAGEDY OF EUROPEAN LABOR, 1918-1939. By Alfred Sturmthal. New York: Columbia University Press. 1943. 389 *pp., xii.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS BRADLEY

THIS is the first intellectual—or ideological—history of labor in Europe between two wars to appear in English. The author, a Viennese by birth, a journalist and author by occupation, a European in the broadest sense by travel and acquaintance, is unusually well equipped to write such an account. The American reader will find here a thoroughly documented account of the course of ideas, and of action arising out of those ideas, of the labor movements in most of the countries west of Russia. Special emphasis is given to labor's role in the politics of Germany, Austria, France, and Great Britain, and to the strategy of the various Internationales. Dr. Sturmthal has made a valuable and significant contribution to our understanding of the personalities and events in a vital segment of European life between 1918 and 1939.

It is unnecessary here to note in detail the record of shifting ideas and climactic episodes which he analyzes. Many of the actors and of the scenes in the "tragedy" will be unknown to any but the specialist. There is a wealth of detail here, which sometimes obscures the course of the plot. Despite the wide range and intensive analysis, however, the stark failure of labor, in every country except Great Britain, to stem the tide of totalitarianism stands out in somber relief against the backdrop of detail.

It is to this failure—and the lessons it has for us in the days ahead—to which Dr. Sturmthal would especially draw our attention. His major premise is that the root cause of the failure of European labor lay in a "pressure-group" rather than a "political" view of its role in the functioning—and defense—of democracy. The distinction is between an atomistic and a cohesive attitude toward society and the state. European labor was, he argues, too little concerned with "democratic leadership, initiative, and responsibility for the nation as a whole." It made little

> effort to integrate the interests of its group with those of the community of which it formed a part. . . . Fear of the responsibility involved in political power was a dominant trait in European labor politics. . . . Their immediate activity was thus restricted to immediate demands which fell into two types: social demands as advocated by and for the trade unions, and democratic demands as proclaimed by all democratic elements, labor and bourgeois alike.

Dr. Sturmthal pretty well proves the validity of this hypothesis in the body of his book as he analyzes one European labor movement after the other. Although these movements were in politics, often in control of their governments, they were, he demonstrates, not "aware of the political implications of their actions." Especially after depression set in, they were primarily concerned with preventing diminutions in the labor standards they had won, not with bold or effective means of stopping the cancer of economic depression. They were satisfied with stabilizing a "balance of class forces" and operated more and more as pressure groups intent on negative rather than positive political action.

Dr. Sturmthal appraises the present political scene in America, and labor's view of its role in political life, as very much the same. He envisages the possibility, even the likelihood, that American labor will operate in the same negative framework of balancing its class interest to protect the gains it has made. It may fail, he thinks, to act "politically" to consolidate those gains by a broad and constructive attack upon the fundamental issues in our economy. Acting as a pressure group, it may lose its chance to participate in the making of a Great Society, at once democratic and cohesive. Let us examine this thesis in the light of the record of the European tragedy.

There seems to this reviewer one element of difference—which may well be decisive—between the political action of the European and the American labor movements. Each reflects fairly accurately the character of political life in the two continents. European politics, and so labor politics to an even higher degree, is at once more ideologically fractionalized in opinion and more hierarchical in structure. The great number of and small differences among continental parties in the new as well as the old national states after 1918 were reproduced—often to an intensified degree—within the European labor movement.

When, therefore, labor groups entered the political life of their countries, it was not as a "united front" of "labor" but as an array of sharply defined and often fratricidally opposed pressure groups. For them, compromise, adjustment, the blurring if not the merging of "principles," was as impossible as for other groups—too often, so difficult as to be impossible, as the record shows. Even where labor as a whole dominated or controlled a national parliament, bloc government remained the technique of politics.

In terms of labor organization—less perhaps as labor unions than as political units—there is also a profound difference between the European and the American scenes. In most European countries, even, in fact, in Great Britain, the central party organization dominates regional and local party groups. It selects local candidates; it determines party policy through an elaborate and independent party bureaucracy—often almost independent of local or regional party organizations. This tends to make political leaders at the top of the party hierarchy practically "irresponsible" to the rank and file of party membership.

Whether these differences are sufficiently deep-rooted in the societies of Europe and America to insure us against a repetition of the "tragedy" here, it would be rash to prophesy. There are, perhaps, hopeful omens in the grassroots character of both our political thought and our political practice. Americans—as workers no less than as employers, professionals, consumers, and the thousand other cross-groupings in our society—do not live by speculation, are even averse to it. We do not trust the theoretician nor do we set much store by the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. It may be that we lack a sense of nice ideological distinctions in our politics but we do not—is it, perhaps, as a result of our lack?—suffer from many "splinter groups" in our political life. As long, too, as our political parties depend for their vitality on the local clubhouse (or crossroads cracker barrel) and not on the control of the National Committee, we are likely to continue to adjust our ideological differences by compromise. This is not to say, "It can't happen here." It may be that it will not, because we still feel that James Madison was right in Number X of *The Federalist*—that the art of governance is compromise of conflicting claims and ideologies.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 481)

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The allies might take the fortresses and provinces of France which might suit them, but there would be no genuine peace for the world, no nation could disarm, no sovereign could turn his attention from the affairs of this country.*

*Wellington to Lord Castlereagh, Foreign Secretary, opposing the Allies' partition of France after Waterloo.

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Japan's MILITARY MASTERS

Foreword by Ambassador Joseph C. Grew

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Prescription for the Home Front

COURAGE FOR CRISIS. By Bonaro W. Overstreet. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 99 *pp.* $1.50.

AMERICAN REASONS. By Bonaro W. Overstreet. New York: The Macmillan Co., Inc. 1943. 45 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THESE two little volumes by Mrs. Overstreet are both concerned with the current war crisis. The one attempts to find a practical everyday philosophy of life through which the ordinary American can face with courage the less dramatic exigencies of war. The other, on a somewhat different level, finds reasons why this is a war for all Americans regardless of race, creed, or economic status.

The author states the purpose of "Courage for Crisis" as "an effort to set down, one after another, the attitudes—the slant on life—that help us to feel equal to whatever the future may bring." She distinguishes physical courage and psychological courage. It is this second, "the courage we make for ourselves," with which she is largely concerned.

Simply and clearly she writes out a kind of recipe which, if followed carefully, will help the reader meet the irritations and insecurities, the fears and loneliness of war. It is by observation of actual people and from physical contact with them that she has decided what we need to face life bravely. Her concrete illustrations and examples give the book a homely flavor that makes her ideas lucid but that at times neglects the complexities of many human problems. While most of the ideas in this book are by now fairly commonplace, they can be repeated to advantage and no doubt many readers will find solace in this presentation of them. Homilies like "to be civilized is to be courteous" may be hackneyed, but actually we do need to be reminded in times of crisis that there are many forces working against our social and emotional stability and that it is important that we keep our everyday courtesy and consideration—that the little things do count. Similarly, we often accept as matter-of-fact the freedoms of speech, religion, thought, etc. By illustrating in prosaic fashion what these freedoms mean to us in everyday life, Mrs. Overstreet gets across their significance in a manner far more telling than many more profound statements. So, too, her assertion that the future begins now makes clear how essential it is for each of us to be planning for tomorrow's peace.

Her ideas of the importance of the individual and his need for resourcefulness are, of course, not new to Americans who know their Emerson, or their William James, or, for that matter, their Lewis Mumford. And Henry Thoreau told us a long time ago to simplify life.

"American Reasons" contains poems originally written for Freedom House, to be presented over the radio on the "Voice for Freedom" program. Later they were published in the newspaper *PM*. There are six of them; in each, a typical American recites in the first person his particular attitude toward the war. The whole adds up in an oblique way to the reasons why the United States is fighting. The poems are microphonic and, if recited for radio or in public assembly, unquestionably would be moving and dramatic. They fail to achieve the subtlety of meaning and imagery that one wants in his reading of poetry. They are public poems, not private ones.

The characters in them are stereotyped and familiar. When read privately, they lack intensity of feeling and hence they carry little of the emotional appeal which an actor would no doubt give them. But they do reflect the changes in social attitudes that the war has brought about. The business executive whose soldier son has suddenly become a man begins to question his father's philosophy, and leaves the father disturbed and wondering; the Negro soldier who, despite his intolerable place in American society, sees the only hope for his race in American victory; the soldier met on a train who before the war had been a pacifist, but who had not waited to be drafted when he saw things that led him to . . .

> Suppose the official stamp should ever bless,
> Here, as in Hitler's land, all the ugliness
> That now sneaks only furtively from its corners.

These types are not new to modern readers. Here they are metallic and rigid. Insofar as these poems prevent our forgetting for a moment that our social and political attitudes need radical changing, they are good.

But there is another aspect of war which poets must not forget, and that is the seethe of rebellion, the resentment against war which another woman poet, Amy Lowell, expressed in her fearlessly personal poetry—

> And the softness of my body will be guarded from embrace
> By each button, hook, and lace.
> For the man who should loose me is dead,
> Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,
> In a pattern called a war.
> Christ! What are patterns for?

The Complexity of Beethoven

BEETHOVEN, LIFE OF A CONQUEROR. By Emil Ludwig. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 356 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

SCRIBE and Balzac, old hands at operating a literary production line, may have been more prolific in their output, but they cannot touch their German colleague in versatility. Biographical adventures have carried Mr. Ludwig from the shores of the Nile to the tidewaters of the Potomac. This route is lined with conquerors, many of whom have had their likeness drawn by the roving specialist in "modern literary portraiture." Mr. Ludwig calls the hero of his latest portrait a "conqueror." Perhaps Beethoven was a conqueror, but the epithet, which recalls Schauffler's Beethoven "Who Freed Music," reflects the sentiments of a romantic hero worshipper. Ever since his death the great symphonist has attracted writers of all denominations. All of them, including a former prime minister of France and the most competent musical scholars, have based their labors on Thayer's monumental work.

It is something of an affront to the memory and accomplishment of our first distinguished musicologist to present to his compatriots—almost four score years later—such a singularly undistinguished compilation. The biographical sketches are put together with reasonable skill from the large Beethoven literature already in print and the reader has no difficulty in recognizing the sources. The musical commentaries are inept and incorrect when dealing with the factual, highly irrelevant and misleading when prefaced with "here are some of the visions the [quartet] can evoke in the listener." A few years ago this reviewer had the pleasure of calling attention to a remarkable short work on Beethoven by Wilhelm Riezler, whose musical analyses were models of musical criticism. After all, it takes a trained musician and a scholar to deal with a composer as complex as Beethoven. How could we expect a writer who is a mere music lover with an essentially journalistic, hence ephemeral, equipment and outlook, to penetrate the secrets of a creative soul which baffled the initiated for over a century.

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Gaudy Events

THE HUMBOLDT: HIGHROAD OF THE WEST. By Dale L. Morgan. New York: Farrar & Rhinehart. 1943. 365 *pp.* $2.50.

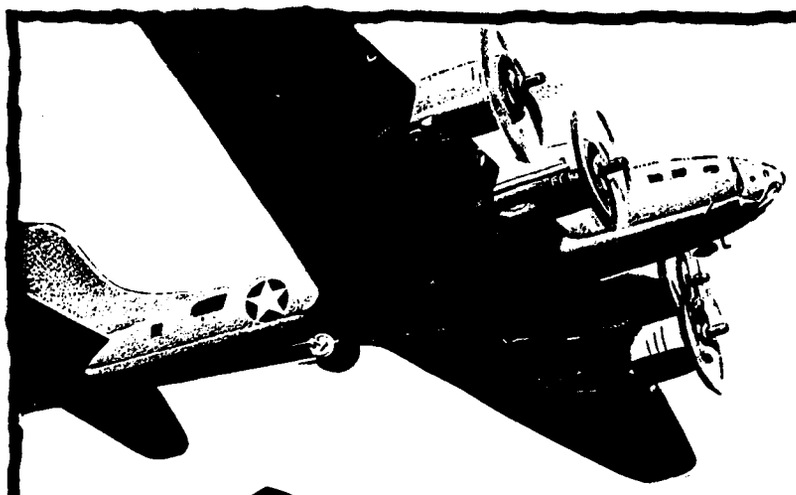
Reviewed by WALLACE STEGNER

THE chroniclers of some of the rivers of America have had to struggle with the problem of how to make an unimportant stream seem central to a region or a historical period. Dale Morgan has no such problem here. The Humboldt was not merely central to the Great Basin and the overland route to California; it was absolutely vital. Its waters, though they grew steadily more alkaline as the wagons followed them westward through bitter dust, were the only constant supply between Great Salt Lake and the Sierras, and its valley was the best practicable wagon-road between Fort Hall and the mountains. There were other trails, like the Hastings Cutoff, but the wise emigrants stuck to the river. Discomfort and hardship, no matter how bad, were better than such disaster as overtook the Donner-Reed party.

Mr. Morgan is fortunate in his subject, the gaudy history of the gaudiest period of the West. The Mountain Men, Frémont, the pioneer emigrant trains, the Donner Party, whose voyaging ended in cannibalism and horror under the peaks, the Mormon colonies and stations along the California Trail, the Indians and the badmen, the incredible Comstock Lode in Sun Peak, the union of the rails at Promontory and the subsequent capacity of the railroads, the ultimate resolution of decades of looting into a fairly stable economy based on grazing, are all parts of the Humboldt's story. It is a story that by almost any criterion is nearly unbeatable.

But if Mr. Morgan is lucky, he is also good. As director of the Writers' Project of the Utah Works Projects Administration, he has had access to a wealth of documentary material, much of it new. As a result, "The Humboldt" is a solider contribution to Western history than one has any right to expect. Many of us who have drawn on Dale Morgan in the past for historical help will be glad to see him putting his encyclopedic knowledge to his own use.

This volume is well written, carefully documented, solidly based on research and personal investigation. If there are better volumes in the Rivers of America Series (and I have not seen them yet) they will have to be very good indeed.



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One Year in Kansas Territory

JOHN BROWN AND THE LEGEND OF FIFTY-SIX. By James C. Malin. Philadelphia: The American Philosophical Society. 1942. 759 *pp., appendix, bibliography, and index.* $5.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

KANSAS still takes its history and its politics with extreme seriousness and so Professor Malin of the University of Kansas has devoted this heavy volume of 767 pages to one year in the life of John Brown and of Kansas Territory. It must be said at once that Professor Malin's industry has been amazing; plainly years of research have gone into this volume and it has benefitted greatly by new material, especially by Mr. Boyd B. Stutler's remarkable collection of John Browniana. Beyond doubt 1865 was a bloody and important year in the history of Kansas, comprising as it did the Pottawatomie Massacre, the worst stain on John Brown's record, the "battles" of Black Jack, and Osawatomie, and the sack of Lawrence, as to all of which verbal battles without number have raged ever since. But Professor Malin has not held himself too narrowly to the year 1856. He has ranged afield and has devoted nearly 211 pages to a study of the local pro-slavery and Free State and the Eastern press of 1856 and 1857, omitting, curiously, the Southern press altogether. Eleven pages are devoted to the various later biographers of John Brown, and many more to the earlier ones. Into the old controversies of the John Brown and Charles Robinson sects Professor Malin also goes at great length, and it must be frankly stated that aside from being enormously detailed, so much as to weary the general reader, who is not interested in the minute facts of the period, it is not infrequently repetitious.

Professor Malin prides himself upon being a professional historian and lays down the theory that only a trained historian and one who handles every bit of material himself can possibly write really satisfactory history. But he does not himself write from a detached viewpoint and, in rebuking others for partisanship, becomes himself a partisan. Thus, he is convinced that the whole John Brown story is a "legend," a myth; that he is an artificially created hero who was just a plain common or garden horse-thief, robber, assassin, and murderer. He rejects even the theory that there was something noble and inspiring in John Brown's prison days and his superb courage in facing death. Now John Brown was a murderer, and the latest discoveries completely prove that the men murdered on the Pottawatomie were killed by his sons and one other by John Brown's orders while he stood by—which enabled him to deceive his Eastern backer by saying that he had himself killed no one.

But Professor Malin to the contrary notwithstanding, there must have been something in this man to seize the imagination of great sections of the American people, to stir the hearts of men like Channing, Emerson, John A. Andrew, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Wendell Phillips, and numerous others who flowered and led in New England, and to preserve the legend so remarkably that scarcely a year goes by without some new book or play or poem on Brown appearing—Mr. Stutler's bibliography now lists more than 3,000 entries! It is as difficult for me to believe today that Brown can be dismissed merely as a half-crazy criminal as it was when in 1910 I published my own study of him. Granted that his hands were blood-stained; that his business record was one succession of failures and defaults; that the amount of insanity in his family was appalling, and that he received credit for many things he did not do, and was not adequately scourged for sins and crimes, he still became a symbol and remains an imperishable figure in our history. Surely no man who was merely a midnight assassin and a horse-thief could have become that!

It must be added that Professor Malin has very little good to say of any of the Free State men. He does not hold to the extreme pro-slavery view, and deprecates those who do, but he speaks of the "sack" of Lawrence in quotation marks as if it were not a reality, and his book is not beyond certain lapses itself. He is certain that there were no pro-slavery crimes to justify the Pottawatomie massacres, and there he is surely correct. Nothing could have excused Brown and his sons for taking the law into their own hands and stabbing men to death with broadswords, just when they were denouncing the pro-slavery forces for violating the Constitution and overriding the laws of their country.

Finally, Professor Malin's book will no more quench the fires of the John Brown controversy than could any other. As long as there are two Kansans alive they will be at each other's throats over John Brown, the hero and the murderer. In view of the extent of Professor Malin's research it is regrettable that the ponderous style so often characteristic of the professional historian, and the writers of doctorate theses, and the length of the volume will preclude a large readership.

The complete list of 15 current books recommended by the Council on Books in Wartime follows: "A Time for Greatness," by Herbert Agar; "The Air Offensive Against Germany," Allan Michie; "Appeasement's Child," Thomas J. Hamilton; "Dynamite Cargo," Fred Merman; "I Served on Bataan," Lt. Juanita Redmond; "Let the People Know," Sir Norman Angell; "Miracle in Hellas," Betty Wason; "Mr. Winkle Goes to War," Theodore Pratt; "One World," Wendell Willkie; "Retreat with Stilwell," Jack Belden; "Round Trip to Russia," Walter Graebner; "They Call It Pacific," Clark Lee; "The English People," D. W. Brogan; "This Is Congress," Stanley Young; and "We Cannot Escape History," John C. Whitaker.

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Latin-American Trip

GRANDMOTHER DRIVES SOUTH. By Constance Jordan Henley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 276 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by C. A. HUTCHINSON

THIS is a book that will set motorists dreaming of the gas-rationless future. Mrs. Constance Henley decided in 1940 to make a tour in her six-cylinder Oldsmobile station wagon of as many Latin American countries as she could. She shipped her car to Rio de Janeiro, and there, with her young nephew, started her trip. When she returned to her home in Glendale, California, she had driven 30,000 miles in Latin America, had been away twenty-one months, and had visited practically all of the mainland countries of the Americas. Not the least remarkable thing about this amazing journey is the fact that the author is very close to her sixties, young enough for a grandmother, but past the days when most people think of such adventures as this.

Mrs. Henley was frankly out to see as much as possible of the countries through which she passed, and although her route lay along the lines of the Pan-American Highway, she frequently made extensive side trips away from it. After reaching Buenos Aires, for instance, she kept on going right down to the Straits of Magellan, to Punta Arenas, and even across to Tierra del Fuego as far as the road went (then on by horseback to Ushuaia, the southernmost town in the world). She drove back along the western edge of Argentina seeing great estancias, lakes more wonderful than Nahuel Huapi, skirting the Andes all the way. After a visit to Chile, she returned to Argentina, driving to Córdoba, and continuing North through Tucumán and Jujuy, and on into Bolivia. Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela fell in turn to her insistence on going where she was told it was impossible for a car to go. No road at all exists from Colombia into Panama and she started her driving once more in Costa Rica. Her trip through Central America was the toughest part of the whole journey, but she drove on, overcoming all obstacles, only shipping her car by rail over the unopened stretches of country in Southern Mexico.

There have been several extensive journeys by car over greater or lesser portions of the Pan-American Highway. Mrs. Henley covered more ground, however, and with less fuss, than almost any of the others. She has conveniently set down the fruits of her experience in a final chapter of hints called "An Invitation to Drive South."

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Text by
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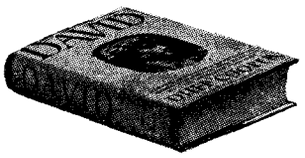

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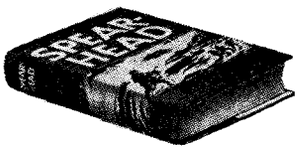

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UNLOCKING THE DOOR TO JOYCE

(*Continued from page* 6)

Earwicker's daughter and her twenty-eight little companions (the days of the month), seven beaming rainbow-color girls, and the two temptresses in the park. Among her older incarnations are the writer and receiver of the letter, and the garrulous housekeeper of the Earwicker establishment, Kate the Slop, "built in with the bricks." The roles are continually shifting and mingling into each other. Anna is ever the principle of vivid movement, ever setting in motion and ever keeping in motion the river-flow of time.

Earwicker and his wife have two sons, called in their symbolic aspect Shem and Shaun, and in their domestic aspect Jerry and Kevin. They are the carriers of a great "brother-battle" theme that throbs through the entire work. Just as HCE and ALP represent a primordial "male-female" polarity, which is basic to all life, so Shem and Shaun represent a subordinate, exclusively masculine "battle" polarity which is basic to all history. Opposing traits, which in their father were strangely and ambiguously combined, in these sons are isolated and separately embodied. As characters, therefore, these boys are very much simpler than their father, and, accordingly, the chapters of the work devoted to the delineations of their caricature-portraits (Book I, Section 7 for Shem; Book II, Sections I and II for Shaun) are comparatively easy reading; excellent places for trivial spins.

Shem (Jerry), the introvert, rejected of man, is the explorer and discoverer of the forbidden. He is an embodiment of dangerously brooding, in-turned energy. He is the uncoverer of secret springs and, as such, the possessor of terrific, lightning powers. The books he writes are so mortifying that they are spontaneously rejected by the decent; they threaten, they dissolve the protecting boundary-lines of good and evil. Provoked to action (and he must be provoked before he will act) he is not restrained by normal human laws, for they have been dissolved within him by the too-powerful elixirs of the elemental depths; he may let loose a hot spray of acid; but, on the other hand, he may let loose such a magical balm of forgiveness that the battle-lines themselves become melted in a bacchanal of general love. Such absolute love is as dangerous to the efficient working of society as absolute hate. The possessor of the secrets, therefore, is constrained to hold his fire. Nobody really wants to hear what he has to say: the shepherds of the people denounce him from their pulpits, or else so dilute and misrepresent his teachings as to render them innocuous. Thus Shem is typically in retreat from society; he is the scorned and disinherited one, the Bohemian, or criminal outcast, rejected by Philistine prosperity. Under the title of Shem the Penman he is the seer, the poet, Joyce himself in his character of misunderstood, rejected artist. His characteristic behavior is to take refuge in his own room, where, on the foolscap of his own body, he writes a phosphorescent book in a corrosive language which Shaun cannot understand.

THE character of Shaun (Kevin), the folk-shepherd brother, the political orator, prudent, unctuous, economically successful favorite of the people, careful to preserve them from the causes and effects of immorality, policeman of the planet, conqueror of rebels, bearer of the white man's burden, is developed by Joyce elaborately and broadly. He is the contrapuntal opposite of Shem: the two brothers are the balanced ends of the human dumb-bell. And if it is the typical lot of Shem to be whipped and despoiled, Shaun is typically the whipper and despoiler.

When he turns from making empires and preserving the peace of the world to the writing of best sellers, the favored son does not himself descend to those dangerous, obscene, and forbidden depths from which the other brings forth his mad productions; his works are never in danger of censorship and rejection; they are the censors and rejectors. Indeed, Shaun is not concerned with spiritual or esthetic matters except in so far as he can exploit them; the life of the flesh and senses is good enough for him. In a diverting passage beginning on page 429, Shaun addresses the little day-girls of St. Brigid's Academy, smiting their tender ears with admonitions of good counsel and very practical advice. "Collide with man, collude with money," is a typical Shaunian saw. In sum: Shaun is man naively and shrewdly outgoing, whereas Shem, his brother, has been touched by the "agenbite" which probes back again to the source. Shaun execrates Shem, maligns him, with the frank but not altogether unfearful disdain of the man of action for the man of thought. Under the title of Shaun the Postman, he delivers to mankind the great message which has been actually discovered and penned by Shem; but Shaun, who judges all things by their envelope, misdelivers the message. Yet he enjoys all the rewards of those who deliver good tidings.

Shem's business is not to create a higher life, but merely to find and utter the Word. Shaun, on the other hand, whose function is to make the Word become flesh, misreads it, fundamentally rejects it, limits himself to a kind of stupid concretism, and, while winning all the skirmishes, loses the eternal city.

HCE, the father of this pair, represents the unity from which their polarity springs. Compared with the rich plasticity of HCE, the boys are but shadow-thin grotesques. Their history plays like a strange mirage over the enduring core of the basic presence of HCE. The energy generated by their conflict is but a reflex of the original energy generated by the father's fall. Furthermore, antipodal as the brothers may be, they are both easily embraced by the all-inclusive love of their wonderful mother ALP. (See, for instance, the charming passages on pages 194 and 195).

Toward the close of the work (specifically, during the third section of Book III), the forms of the son-world dissolve and the everlasting primal form of HCE resurges. The all-father is reunited with his wife in a diamond-wedding anniversary, as if to demonstrate that behind the complexity of their children's lives they still continue to be the motive-givers. Together, they constitute the primordial, androgynous (man-woman) angel, which is Man, the incarnate God.

What, finally, is "Finnegans Wake" all about? Stripping away its accidental features, the book may be said to be all compact of *mutually supplementary antagonisms:* male-and-female, age-and-youth, life-and-death, love-and-hate; these, by their attraction, conflicts, and repulsions, supply polar energies that spin the universe. Wherever Joyce looks in history or human life, he discovers the operation of these basic polarities. Under the seeming aspect of diversity—in the individual, the family, the state, the atom, or the cosmos—these constants remain unchanged. Amid trivia and tumult, by prodigious symbol and mystic sign, obliquely and obscurely (because these manifestations are both oblique and obscure), James Joyce presents, develops, amplifies, and recondenses nothing more nor less than the eternal dynamic implicit in birth, conflict, death, and resurrection.

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Satirical Re-issue

DECLINE AND FALL. By Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. 293 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

IN offering again to the public his first novel, Evelyn Waugh's publisher has done the English satirist justice and the rest of us a favor. If anything, "Decline and Fall" reads better than it did in 1928, when it first appeared. Then the people Waugh holds up to ridicule could smile with him at the caricatures of themselves, amused at the exaggerations, but rather pleased that they were such outstanding eccentrics. Now those same people, middle-aged and four years into a war that has threatened to exterminate them and their way of life, can see the sharp outlines of the picture Waugh paints, rather than the individual portraits of themselves. They can see that they were an outcropping, an ornament, a meringue, clinging to the outer crust of a dark, solid mass of selfishness and stupidity that was moving the world inexorably toward a precipice.

Now that the catastrophe it foreshadows has happened, the story of the life and times of Paul Pennyfeather can be enjoyed for its own sake, as pure satire. The society which embraced Paul with its clammy fingers is as far away as the society which proved such a trial to Tom Jones. Waugh uses the classic satiric style of the eighteenth century novels. His hero, Paul, a simple and honest lad, suffers outlandish persecution at the hands of society merely because that society has become so hide-bound, so rigid and mechanical, that it actually works in quite the opposite way to the manner in which it is intended, giving riches and honors to the most unworthy and sending to prison the only decent men who come its way. Grimes, the public-school man who is forever "in the soup," is the personification of the idea that the old school tie can do no wrong, and therefore has no need to bother with doing anything right. Mrs. Beste-Chetwynde, the superharlot and international madame, is the epitome of something which, in the interests of hands across the sea, it is better not to mention.

The wonderful characters, the insane situations, the handmade homemade Waugh illustrations, are all here, including such priceless bits of dialogue as this, between Mrs. Beste-Chetwynde and Lady Circumference. When Mrs. Beste-Chetwynde asks, "Who is that dear, dim, drunk little man?" Lady Circumference answers, "That is the person who shot my son."

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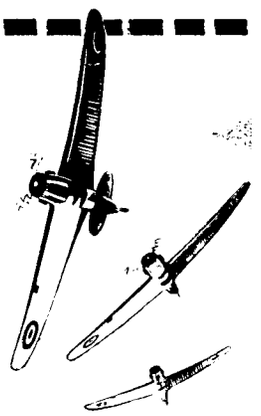

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APPLETON-CENTURY

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"Bible of Chaos"

THE LAW OF CIVILIZATION & DECAY. By Brooks Adams. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 349 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LOVELL THOMPSON

THE ADAMSES live in a little front parlor where the rest of the world doesn't go. They live there in the aching brilliance of a great intellectual light, in a thick haze of emotional confusion. Only God, the Virgin, the devil, and the dynamo are their guests.

John, John Quincy, Charles Francis, Henry, and Brooks: each fifty years ahead of his time, each crowding his next of kin forward into someone else's century.

Brooks Adams is the youngest of this group. He was a brother of Henry. In 1895 he wrote a book and now in 1943 we are within a couple of years of coming abroast of it. This presents a publishing problem since the Adamses can run out of copyright before their books get to selling. Undaunted by this problem, Alfred A. Knopf has just republished one of the least known of great American books. It is "The Law of Civilization and Decay," by Brooks Adams.

It was Brooks Adams's view that you might find more of self-sacrifice in an ant-hill or a bee-hive than in all the cities of man; that we are hellbound, and that our superior intelligence only hastens our downfall. It is Brooks who visits with the devil in the front parlor. The other Adamses look at this guest distastefully—from under his lambent buttocks comes the sharp aroma of scorching mohair.

In the writing of Brooks Adams there is a deliberate eloquence, a concentrated purpose, and a dramatic insistence on human motives that give it great tragic force. Brooks Adams does not retail history, he possesses history. Plague, famine, and desire are his plastics. The sufferings of eternity exist for his use. Like "The Scarlet Letter" and "Moby Dick" his work is in New England's best satanic tradition. Each is in its way a rebellion against the ways of God.

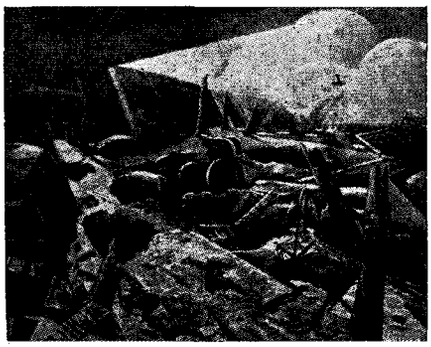
With a complacence that could exist nowhere outside of New England, he undertook in his brief writings the defense of the world's great from Moses to John Quincy Adams. The first, for example, became a charlatan to save the face of his God; the second refused to be a charlatan, lost an election, and loyally accepted the conclusion that he had failed in the sight of God. In this world of Brooks Adams, supermen, like white crows, are harried to death by the black, unreasoning flock.

"The Law of Civilization and Decay"—which Mrs. Brooks Adams wanted to call "The Path to Hell"—is the marrow of history extracted by a bold theorist who cared not where his hand might lead his mind. The book is impatient, over-simple, angry, incomplete, sardonic, eloquent, imaginative, fertile, and opinionated. In less than 300 pages it sets forth one outlook upon history that Henry later avoided at much greater length in "Mont Saint Michel and Chartres"; that Spengler much later ornamented and obscured in some 900 pages, and which Toynbee has taken several volumes in some measure to substantiate.

The book is prefaced with a long introduction by Charles A. Beard. You will find it a most perceptive appraisal of the relationship between Brooks and his brother Henry by one who is not afraid to say that Henry's originality of mind comes more from his brother than from himself.

If you consider Brooks's work you will see clearly what his great book meant to Henry and to himself and what it means to us. His first book was "The Emancipation of Massachusetts." It was written to show how the Puritan theocrats had abused the source of their power, and how in the end the common people had triumphed over them. In this study Brooks was struck by an apparent relationship between religious belief and economic circumstance. This line of thought led him to see a cycle in the movement of history. This idea he presented in "The Law" which was his next and most important piece of writing. To the world at large this was a shocking, atheistic, and fatalistic idea. To an Adams it was particularly so. For—as is usually the case with the chosen—God was very important to all the Adamses.

To Brooks then "The Law" was a renunciation of faith. Belief in God and democracy had been bred deep in him. Accordingly, he felt a compulsion to justify his renunciation. His next piece of writing was a life of John Quincy Adams. Brooks and Henry perversely decided not to publish this, but what must be the substance of it appeared after Henry's death as an introduction to a collection of his essays by Brooks.



Brooks's final work was a 100-page introduction to a late edition of "The Emancipation." Here he follows the way of the theocrat from the time of Moses to "the chaos which is visibly impending." The first of these two pieces was an angry reproach to God for having failed his grandfather; the second for having failed humanity.

In giving to history a system and in denying to it an objective, Brooks, the believer in democracy, signed something of a compact with the devil. And in this compact the devil did for Brooks something that God had never done for his relatives: he liberated him from the intellectual equivalent of a vested interest in one particular view of civilization. He made it unnecessary to find a moral in history and all the more possible to find pathos.

What to Brooks was almost damnation was to Henry salvation. After flight to the Pacific islands had failed to outdistance the tragedy of his wife's death, Henry returned to New England. He spent the summer of 1893 discussing with his brother this new approach to history. Henry saw the power of Brooks's thesis. He saw how often it explained the inexplicable. It relieved him of the responsibility for what in "The Education" he called his "failure." It gave him new reason for living. Because of it he wrote "Mont Saint Michel and Chartres" and "The Education."

Men have always resented this Adams view—less in Henry perhaps because he was less explicit—and Charles A. Beard is no exception. After his wise perception of Brooks's relation to Henry he mars his introduction by putting too narrow an interpretation on the book and then attacking the validity of its approach. Mr. Beard denies the existence of the cyclical in history. Yet hope of progress lies here.

If history is without pattern it is without progress. If it has pattern then it must move with some sort of rhythm. Whether we call it waves or cycles or whether we consider the movement progressive or regressive, the deeper understanding of what Brooks saw is the only productive path left to the student of history. If we can understand the grand strategy of history we may still hope to alter for the race the cycle that waits for us all individually. Brooks's devil will not be scotched by snubbing.

"Your book," wrote Henry to Brooks, "is a Bible of Chaos." That may be, but it is a majestic and ordered chaos and he who reads it cannot deny in it a deep infernal justice.

WAR BONDS WIN BATTLES

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California's Golden Age

CALIFORNIA'S MISSIONS. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. Drawings by E. H. Suydam. New York and London: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1942. 237 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by E. DeGolyer

EXTRAORDINARY merit can be the only excuse for the addition of another title to the already long list of books descriptive of the missions of California. This requirement is met to a high degree by the gifted pen of Hildegarde Hawthorne and the collaboration of the tone-telling pencil of her illustrator, the late E. H. Suydam, in the recently published "California's Missions."

The story of the founding of the missions is the story of the occupation, *ad mejoram Dei gloriam,* of the land that is today the State of California. It is also the story of the Father-president of the Franciscans of Alta California, Fray Junípero Serra, during whose presidency the land was occupied. The saintly Fray Junípero founded his ninth and last mission, San Buenaventura, March 31, 1782, and some two and a half years later, at the age of fifty, died quietly in his sleep in his beloved San Carlos Borromeo.

The author opens her book with a chapter on the exploration and colonization of California. This is followed by various chapters, one to each of the twenty-one missions, arranged chronologically according to the dates of their foundation, from the earliest, San Diego de Alcalá, founded July 16, 1769, to the last of the missions, San Francisco Solano, founded July 4, 1823. Each of the missions is described, its history is given, and the story of its rebuilding and restoration is recounted.

The story of the decline of the missions—of secularization—is given only as it may be gleaned from the chapters on the individual missions. The missions were never intended to be permanent but rather were definite instruments of Spanish colonizing policy; paternalistic institutions intended to prepare the Indian for civilized life. By the laws under which they were founded, there was a definite term to their existence. Under the mission system the Indian lived an organized life as to peace and material security which was idyllic as compared to his former savage state. Unfortunately, if the Indian learned the arts and crafts of civilization, he learned nothing of self-government and, with the coming of secularization, he became the defenseless prey of his overlords.

Secularization of the missions of both Lower and Upper California was decreed by the Mexican Congress and the decree was promulgated by the first and one of the greatest of the anti-clerical liberals, President ad interim Valentin Gomez Farias, on August 17, 1833. The earliest attempts to enforce this drastic law were tempered by the administration of wise Governor Figueroa. In the succeeding years, however, the missions were looted by the secular administrators and the end of the system came through the acts of the unscrupulous Governor Pio Pico in the last years of Mexican domination and with the incoming of the land-grabbing Americans.

The golden age of California—the period of the flowering of the missions—although in terms of cultural development it seems to be an archeological age ago, was really almost yesterday. Exactly half-way back in time to the founding of San Francisco Solano, the last mission, Helen Hunt Jackson, author of "Ramona," published sketches of the missions illustrated by the vivid and facile pen of E. H. Suydam and these, a few years later, were published in the volume "Glimpses of Three Coasts" by a firm antecedent to the publishers of the work under review.

A Romantic Biography of Pocahontas

POCAHONTAS, YOUNG AMERICAN PRINCESS. By Mildred Criss. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1943. 286 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by Stanley Vestal

THIS romantic story of Pocahontas for older girls is written in a lively and picturesque style, and, though in the main true to history, includes some of the legends and controversial incidents as well. It is one of a series of biographies by Mildred Criss for older girls. The author has evidently done considerable research and is familiar with her subject.

Naturally she has used selection, and the historic Pocahontas whom the English boys taught to turn cartwheels on the common in the altogether does not appear. However, we have a charming picture of a young woman against a colorful background with a great diversity of incident and much speech-making and action by the Indian characters.

As presented here the story of Pocahontas is timely, preaching the lesson that we must fight for the best in our way of life. Naturally John Smith figures largely in the story and is rescued in fine style according to the old tradition. Woven into the biography is a fictional story of Virginia Dare, the first white child born in America of English parents. No one knows what actually became of this child, but the author would have it that she was captured by the Indians and beloved by Pocahontas; in this way the friendship of the Indian Princess for the English people is motivated.

There are perhaps too many jaw-breaking Indian names sprinkled over the pages, but perhaps young readers will enjoy these and find that they add color to the story.

This is probably the most intensely romantic biography of Pocahontas extant.

Miss Criss, however, is by no means a mere romantic. Her style is well adapted to dramatic scenes and sudden reversals; things happen swiftly and contrasts are abundant. In short this should prove one of the best if not the best book of the kind she has so far done.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Dracula," by Bram Stoker.
2. Mephistopheles, in "Faust," by Goethe.
3. Rima, in "Green Mansions," by W. H. Hudson.
4. "Peter Ibbetson," by George Du-Maurier.
5. Beatrice, in "Rappaccini's Daughter," by Hawthorne.
6. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," by Stevenson.
7. Sam Small, in "The Flying Yorkshireman," by Eric Knight.
8. Father Perrault, in "Lost Horizon," by James Hilton.
9. "Cleek of the Forty Faces," by Thomas Hanshew.
10. "Don Giovanni," by Mozart.

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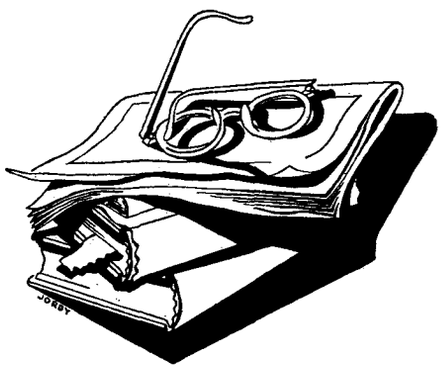
TRADE Winds

THE SATURATION POINT is looming for "quickies" by returning war correspondents and radio experts. Unavoidable similarity of competing narratives and hopeless mediocrity of many of them are turning reader interest gradually in other directions. Trail blazing accounts from new fronts no doubt will continue to dominate best seller lists for the duration, but the second bests and palpable rewrites definitely have had their day. . . . One agent, sensing the trend, still attempted to snare a five-thousand-dollar advance last week for an unwritten tome by a Grade-C correspondent, but thoughtfully pointed out to a flabbergasted publisher, "Furthermore, you can deduct the *entire loss* from your income tax!" . . . Continuous association with these knowing gentlemen of the press and air waves has put book publishers in possession of vast stores of inside war information, most of it conflicting, and all of it probably ninety per cent hooey. The less the returning "experts" know about writing and tracking down an authentic story, the more they have access to innermost diplomatic channels (to hear them tell it). One fellow last week knew exactly when the President and Stalin were going to meet, and the date of the real invasion of Europe. Another told us that a deal with Italy was already in the bag. Others pointed out with equal certainty that we were going to strike through Norway, Holland, France, Spain, and Greece. Turkey was coming in. Turkey was staying out. Sweden was going to play a key role in the big attack. Swedish tycoons would keep her on the sidelines. The taking of Kiska would involve the greatest naval battle of the war. We weren't going to bother with Kiska at all—just by-pass it. And so on into the night. . . . I have concluded that Joe, the doorman of 20 East 57th Street, who has concentrated so hard on learning to stand in the entrance in just the position to block it entirely that he scarcely had time to realize we are in the war at all, knows as much about future strategy as the whole lot of these crystal-ball gazers put together. "Looks like we've got those Nazis on the run," I said to him the other morning. "You said it," agreed Joe, neatly knocking two manuscripts out of my arm in his desire to open the door for me. "Dis time dey oughta take dat Kaiser and make him play on de Giants!" . . . Over nine hundred new correspondents and commentators are said to have their credentials and to be awaiting transportation to the various fronts. It's my impression that the men already there can take the situation nicely in their stride—if the censors will remember that *their* job is to keep information out of the hands of the *enemy*—and not the citizens of the United States. . . .

UNITED PRESS reports that the wife of James M. Cain, author of "The Postman Always Rings Twice," won an uncontested divorce on the ground that "authors are funny people." Possibly the judge owns stock in some modest publishing house. . . . Ray Healy, West Coast book authority and inventor of the helicopter, or motionless tennis serve, comes to town with the story that through highway traffic has diminished so sharply that hitch-hikers are now willing to ride in either direction. . . . André Gide, noted French novelist, author of "The Counterfeiters," has turned up safe and sound in Algiers, after many months under Axis domination in Tunis. Gertrude Stein evidently is suffering no undue hardships, either, in her villa in Southern France. She managed to dispatch the manuscript of her new novel, "Mrs. Reynolds," to Therese Bonney in Sweden, who brought it back here to New York. There was one anxious moment when a British customs inspector was convinced that "Mrs. Reynolds" was an Axis code message. He finally let Miss Bonney put it back in her valise, but his parting remark was "This is the first novel I ever saw that reads the same from back to front as it does from front to back!" . . .

REMEMBER Dorothy Baker's exciting first novel, "Young Man with a Horn?" She has a new one coming up, called "Trio," that also has a musical background. . . . Recommended by "Trade Winds" to readers who appreciate good writing: Rose Feld's "Sophie Halenczk, American," (Little, Brown) and Henry Robinson's "Fantastic Interim" (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Robinson is so concerned with the tragic results of the mistakes that this country made between 1919 and 1941 that he forgets what fun we had making them! Those half-finished Florida real estate developments he describes so vividly had the finishing touches put on them seventeen years later. Thousands of army and navy men are being trained in them this very minute. . . . Did you notice that Lord Louis Mountbatten's cabled foreword to "Combined Operations" and the author's own preface are almost identical? Somebody asleep at the switch? . . .



THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH is "Stage Door Canteen." The list of stars is staggering, their material is bright and new, and their turns have been blended into a glowing and convincing story. A newcomer named Lon McAllister steals the picture from under the noses of the greatest names on Broadway and Sunset Boulevard. The bulk of the proceeds will go to a fine cause. See it by all means. . . . The book business can offer nothing as spectacular as service men's canteens staffed by beautiful and famous stage personalities, but in its own way, it has, through the Council on Books in Wartime, made a solid and intelligent contribution to the war effort. If you are interested in details, write to the Council's new office at 400 Madison Avenue, New York. . . . Miriam Hopkins, a favorite of this department, is playing the Bankhead role in "The Skin of Our Teeth" for all it's worth these summer evenings. One prominent critic proved his extraordinary power by reviewing her performance two weeks before she opened. The same critic recently accused Wolcott Gibbs of cribbing his material. Mr. Gibbs replied calmly that when he was of a mind to steal anything, it would not be from the children's poor box. . . . Isabel Paterson, whose incoherent political tirades appear weekly (for reasons I cannot understand) in the *Herald Tribune Book Review,* is the author of a new book called "The God of the Machine." Mrs. Paterson did not consider *The Saturday Review of Literature* worthy of a review copy of this work. She also refused to have copies sent to the reviewers of *The New York Post, The Chicago Sun, The Nation, The New Republic*—and Lewis Gannett, who works for the same newspaper that she does! . . .

CORRESPONDENCE: Helmer Webb, librarian of Union College, points out

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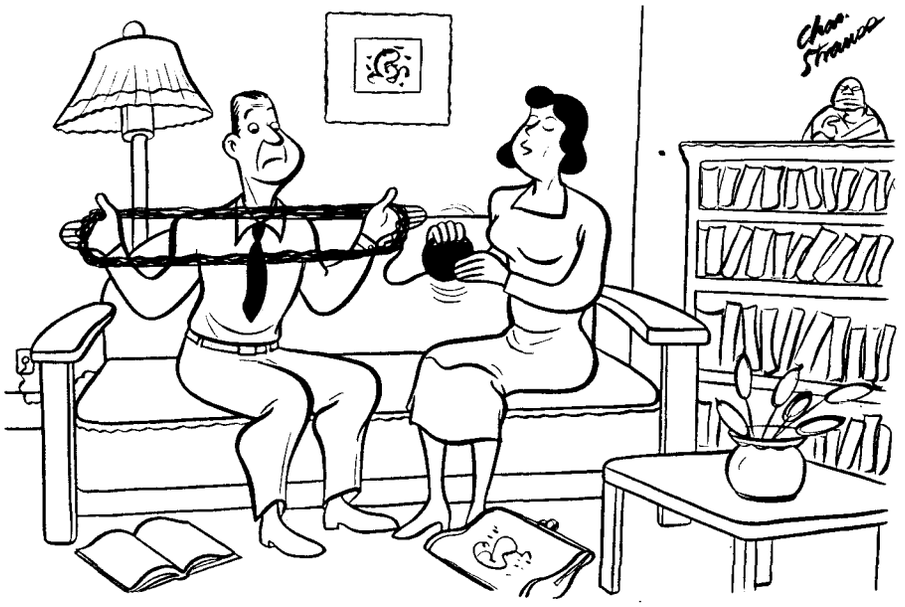


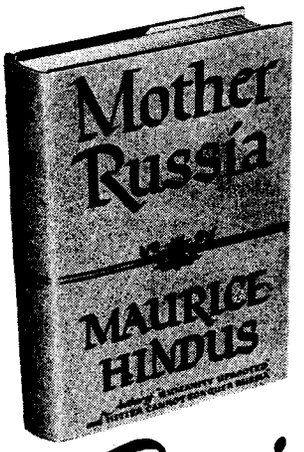
"Now go ahead and finish your story about the fish you almost caught."

that the Harper editorial department is having a tough time keeping up with the military career of General Arnold. The sixth edition of "Winged Warfare" lists him as "Major General Arnold" on the front of the jacket, "Lieut. General Arnold" on the front flap, and "General Arnold" on the back. . . . H. R. Pinckard, of Huntington, W. Va., writes: "That story of Clemenceau's son reminds me of one that is credited to Mark Twain. 'When I was twenty,' he is reputed to have said, 'I thought my father was the stupidest man I had ever known. When I was thirty, I was amazed to discover how much the old man had learned in the last ten years!'" . . . Corey Ford brought back from the Aleutians the story of the salesman who rushed from igloo to igloo trying to sell electric fans. "Fan?" each resident would exclaim in amazement. "What do we want with a fan? It's sixty below zero here right now!" "Sure, I know," soothed the salesman. "But you never can tell —*tomorrow it may jump to zero!*" . . . Dr. Otis Moore watched a very little girl pull a very big weed from her victory garden. "You must be pretty strong to pull out such a big weed," he remarked. "Yes," agreed the youngster. "Don't forget that the whole world was pulling on the other side!" . . .

WHEN IMPORTANT AMERICANS visit England these days, the British Ministry guards their safety very closely, and, in order to shorten reports, assigns a one-word name to identify them. Thus, Mrs. Roosevelt, on her recent stay in London, was known as "Rover." One day she sought in vain to locate her son, Franklin, Jr. The British flashed "Rover has lost her pup." . . . Secretary Ickes was unusually kind to some of his toughest State Department adversaries in his "Autobiography of a Curmudgeon." Asked "How come?" by Leonard Lyons, he replied, "Well, I'm writing another book. I thought I'd sweeten 'em for the kill!" . . . Beardsley Ruml is convinced that the only reason that the pay-as-you-go tax plan is named after him is that headline writers have always been entranced by four-letter words; his name is the first one they ever dared use in print! . . . Mr. Ruml is allergic to magazine profiles. A friend of his told a *New Yorker* ferret, "Ruml hates physical exercise. If you ever find him on a tennis court, you'll know it's because he dropped dead crossing it on the way to a scotch and soda." Two days after the article appeared, a Macy big shot accosted Ruml with a sharp "What's this I hear about your being found dead drunk on a tennis court?" . . .

AND MY SPECIAL SCOUT at Scribner's phones that a wedding limousine just rolled up Fifth Avenue with a large placard tied to the rear bumper. It read, "CARELESS TALK CAUSED THIS!"

BENNETT CERF.



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The Saturday Review

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N. Y. *Times Book Review*

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Cherish the Fools, Idiots, Madmen

SHAKESPEARE'S SATIRE. By Oscar James Campbell. New York: Oxford University Press. 1943. 227 *pp.* $3.75.

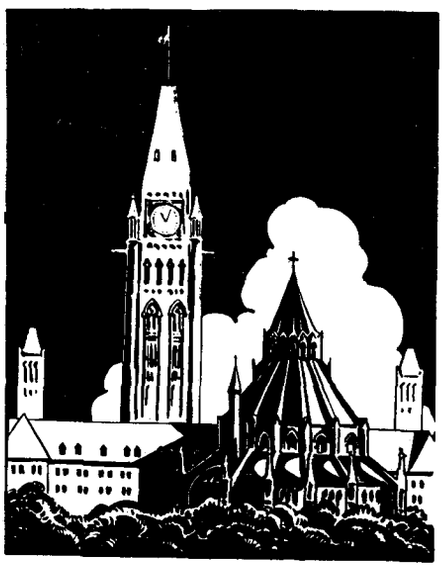
Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

INTO the Tennysonian brook of Shakespeare criticism Professor Campbell has cast a stone, a veritable boulder, of seeming paradox that bids fair to enliven its eternal babbling with a notable splash. Four years ago in "Comical Satyre and Shakespeare's 'Troilus and Cressida'" he contended that that curiously intellectual, poignantly emotional, and ultimately baffling play is to be understood, if at all, as an essay in a new genre, distinct alike from comedy and history and tragedy, which flourished mightily in the decade 1601-1610 but which has long been obsolete and ignored—a genre first developed by Ben Jonson, who called it "comicall satyre," but dear also to his fellow dramatists. As Shakespeare saw his Greeks and his Trojans, they were alike victims of mental and moral decay. Thus Troilus no less than Cressida was a sensualist fatally corrupted by lustful "will." The stewing filth of the Homeric world entire was held up to raucous satiric laughter. As against this idea Theodore Spencer, in "Shakespeare and the Nature of Man" (1942) contended (contended stoutly and perhaps rightly) that the character of Troilus has elements of idealism, of beauty, and even nobility; and he accused Campbell of having "invented," not discovered, his new genre. Now Campbell comes back with the discovery — or invention — of a kindred genre, also unknown hitherto, that of "tragical satire."

In depicting vices of character Shakespeare appealed to his audience's sense of "the absurd" even while he was most "terrifying." Whereas "pure" tragedy mingles pity and admiration with fear, satiric tragedy, no less than satiric comedy, is raucous and unmelting. Thus briefly stated the paradox, if paradox it is, may not be impressive or even clearly to be grasped. But as Campbell develops his reading of the practice of Jonson and Shakespeare, and incidentally of Marston and Chapman, it takes on the character not only of discovery but of conquest.

Satiric plays, both comic and tragic, were the product of a particular time, and in order to understand them it is needful to be in touch with its thought and mood. It is a vice of canonical criticism, if also its great virtue, that it regards Shakespeare as "not of an age but for all time." As actor, manager, and dramatist he was quite obviously subject in some degree to prevailing fashions and conventions now largely obsolete. Even "Hamlet" is in places perplexingly, if also richly, Elizabethan. The best modern critics, including Theodore Spencer, acknowledge this: while giving all honor to the aspect of eternity, they consider also what Shakespeare meant his audience to feel and what they did feel in proportion as he and they were in touch—a task of philosophic and esthetic reconstruction. Campbell shows the impact of classical satire upon that passionately pseudo-classic age, even Shakespeare being swayed by the pseudo-classic pundit Jonson. So far as he goes, the background he limns is impressive as it is scholarly in documentation.

Especially to be pondered is the fact that the chief plays in hand are those which have most sorely perplexed and baffled us moderns—"Troilus" and "Measure for Measure" as comedies, or what not, "Timon" and "Coriolanus" as tragedies. If Achilles and Troilus and Angelo were mere butts of Elizabethan satire and evoked its parrot laughter, much would be explained. If the "tragic" fate of Timon and of Coriolanus be viewed as "absurdly" just and justly "absurd" even while it sends shivers down our spines, the plays would take on a form and coherence which they have hitherto seemed to lack. Campbell does not contend that "Troilus" or "Measure for Measure" or "Timon" were ever quite satisfactory. At most they were journeyman essays in a genre which was alien to Shakespeare's kindly tolerance of human error and folly, alien to his imaginative sympathy with mortal passion and defeat. Only in "Coriolanus" did he master the new medium. Campbell's reading of this play—his staging and acting of it, so to speak—may shock those who have taken its outraged yet outrageous hero as a tragic figure; but for me at least it gives the whole a definite artistic integrity, a comprehensible unity of purpose and effect.



The only doubt is whether Campbell's demonstration is sufficiently comprehensive; and the same is true of Theodore Spencer's similarly Elizabethan reading of the great heath scenes of combined foolery and tragic madness in "Lear." Much more seems to be involved than the classical tradition of satire. That we have to do also with a native tradition, embodied in the Vice of the morality plays, both critics recognize; but the Vice himself is only a link, and a relatively insignificant link, in a chain of esthetic tradition which goes far back through the centuries. In the grotesque drawings and sculptures of the Middle Ages, satire was often as tragic as Campbell finds it to be in "Troilus," "Timon," "Lear," and "Coriolanus." The contortions of abhorrent disease, both physical and mental, were embodied in cathedral stones; and under Elizabeth fools, idiots, and madmen were similarly cherished as a source of laughter. What else than a mingling of satiric "absurdiy" and mortal "terror" is the Demon of Paris that grins and glowers from the tower of Notre Dame? That ungracious being would have looked upon Troilus and Timon and Coriolanus in quite the mood to which Campbell invites us.

A difference in the sense of humor, as George Eliot remarked, is a great strain upon the affections. It is an even greater strain upon comprehension of, and sympathy with, certain phases of the old drama. It may be that Campbell, dazzled by the brilliance of a real *discovery,* sees both more and less than was ever there. But few will read his little book without turning once again to the plays of Shakespeare's "dark period," which are dark in so many ways. And many will find in them a new and significant truth.

The Trade Book Clinic of the American Institute of Graphic Arts has named these four books as its June selections:

"Arthur Pendragon of Britain," edited by John W. Donaldson (G. P. Putnam).

"The Bed-Book of Eating and Drinking," by Richardson L. Wright (J. P. Lippincott).

"In the Chinese Garden," by Florence Lee Powell (John Day).

"The Tennessee Valley Authority," by C. H. Pirtchett (University of North Carolina Press).

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MAN AGAINST THE GODS

(*Continued from page* 12)

up and flourished a school of irresponsible writing which described, often with great cleverness, sometimes with an approach to genius, irresponsible people moving against a background of irresponsibility as if that were a normal procedure. A great many painters are still in that hazy dilemma. The artist said, "This is life. Take it or leave it. No comment." But it is doubtful if such evasion ever is life, or, by the same token, art. Art is at least responsible to the extent of implying the nemesis of irresponsibility; life has a way of proving it. There are plenty of irresponsible people, and therefore they must be described, with their often charming, if witless, smiles, but of all people they are indeed the most pitiful of Ajaxs. Nor is it at all improbable that the war we are now fighting is directly due to the irresponsibility which overtook the life and art of the past two decades. Either you are responsible to some degree, or you die. Mrs. Morris knows too much, and feels too much, not to be aware of this. Jessa and Anna as children are beautifully motivated. The child psychology is flawless. When they grow up, they remain children. Europe bleeds daily because it mistook irresponsible experience for wisdom, and would not mature until horror was upon it.

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The Technicalities of Freedom

THE FREE NEGRO IN NORTH CAROLINA: 1790-1860. By John Hope Franklin. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1943. *x* + 271 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

IT is not generally known even by educated Americans that at the outbreak of the Civil War nearly half a million Negroes or one Negro out of nine were free in the United States and that slightly more than a half of them were in the South. The appearance of Russell's scholarly study of the free Negro in Virginia thirty years ago which was followed eight years later by Wright's excellent study of the free Negro in Maryland called attention to the existence of this class in Southern society. Both of these studies showed how Negroes managed to escape from their servile status and gave some information on their economic and social condition. In his study of the free Negro in North Carolina, Professor Franklin has contributed further to our knowledge of him.

The six chapters comprising the study cover the increase in the number of free Negroes, their legal status, their position in the economic life of the State, their social life, and their anomalous position in a society where the Negro was normally a slave. The emergence of a class of free Negroes in North Carolina was due as in Virginia to three principal factors: the offspring of white women and Negroes, the natural increase of the free Negro population, and the manumission of slaves who were often the offspring of white fathers. Although there were laws restricting the rights of free Negroes, it was not until 1835 that free Negroes were deprived of the right to vote. Moreover, the great variety of occupations in which free Negroes were found indicates that they had a fairly secure position in the economic life of the State. In the section dealing with the social life of the free Negroes, one learns how the Negro, despite restrictions, was able to acquire some education and maintain a fairly satisfactory community life. Nevertheless, the free Negroes, as the author shows, were unwanted because their status was anomalous in a society where the Negro was presumed to be a slave. During the decade preceding the Civil War the hostility toward the free Negroes was increasing partly because of the agitation over slavery. To the whites the colonization of the free Negroes in Africa offered the only solution of the problem; and many of the free Negroes emigrated to Africa as a means of escape from persecution.

Although this book was not written for the general public, everyone who has an intelligent interest in the Negro problem in the United States will gain much understanding of the problem by reading it. One will see not only how deeply the attitude of color caste is rooted in American life, but also how the operation of economic and social forces rather than legal codes has determined the Negro's position in American society. Finally, quite aside from the value of the study itself, this book is an indication of the growing number of competent Negro scholars who are making worthwhile objective studies of the Negro in the United States.

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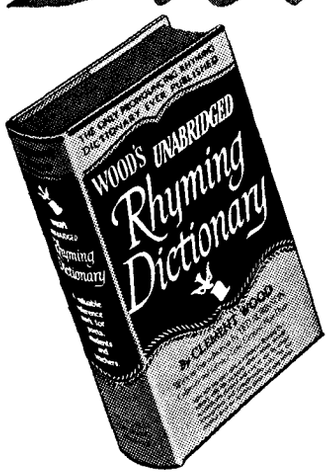

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And a Good Judge, Too

ORDER IN THE COURT. By Judge John C. Knox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 341 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JAMES REID PARKER

IT is my pleasant duty to report that Judge John C. Knox's informal casebook, "Order in the Court," is thoroughly delightful. Those who enjoyed "A Judge Comes of Age" will not be unduly astonished to hear this; others — meeting, for the first time, the author's cool reasonableness and fundamental regard for honorable conduct by men of good will—should be pleased to learn that the art of writing sound legal memoirs is very much alive. In print, the Senior United States Judge for the Southern District of New York is less overwhelming than his title. He tells his stories of human frailty with shrewdness and economy of phrase. If he touches the heart less often than that other excellent story-teller of the bench, Judge Henry H. Curran, he repeatedly quickens and entertains the mind.

This is not a cynical book, for all its preoccupation with wrongdoers. It contains one of the noblest and most succinct statements about the America of today that one could hope to find: "Youth has risen above its heritage." Here is an evaluation of the past thirty or forty years by a man who has seen the generations pass in review, and who knows. The Judge's sentence is one not calculated to make fathers and mothers glow with pride, but it is certainly the word of justice.

"The temptation to quote" is not, as reviewers so often say, "irresistible," and I have no intention of offering a number of passages, judiciously chosen. Judge Knox's narrative style does not permit the isolation of sparkling tidbits; it is, happily, too tightly woven for that. And in each instance it is the case which is of primary interest, rather than the wording itself. The indiscretions of the businessman James C. Penney, for example, are a fascinating sample of Americana, but, as Judge Knox relates them, it is the whole story which is good, not the occasional sentence. Similarly, the wildly intricate financial adventures of the illiterate old Creek Indian, Jackson Barnett, upon whose bit of land an oil company struck a spectacularly good well. And what good material for the writers of fiction who discover the procuress Mae Scheible, and the extraordinary Max Wax, who operated in the alien smuggling business some years before our entry into the First World War. Then again, there was the Rumanian girl who was found insane and ordered deported. Rumanian though she was, she had no friends or relatives in that land. When her simple belongings were assembled, before she was sent aboard ship, the insane asylum officials found among them a Liberty Bond, a small but eloquent enough token of her faith in the land where she was not welcome.

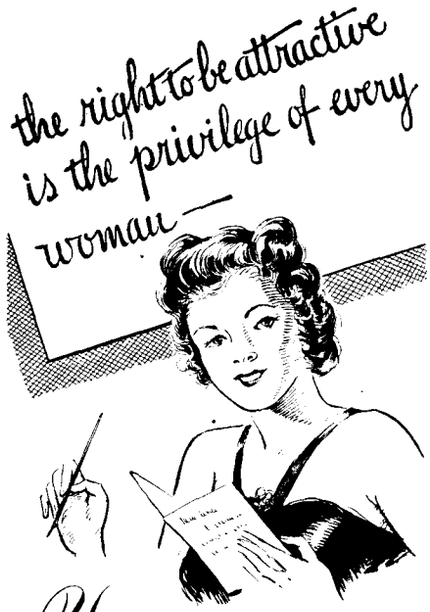
There are many good things in this book. Not the least is Chapter Fifteen, in which the good judge discusses the postwar world. He tells us that we of the United States, with others who are willing to accept the duties that belong to decent citizens of a difficult world, must be willing and forever ready to use not merely our peaceful influence, but our military might, to enforce essential justice in the world that is to be. "Nations associated in decency—or even we alone, if that is necessary—" Judge Knox declares. The Judge is a practical man when he discusses justice. "Even justice, in this world of men, must always and forever have behind it such force as may be necessary to see that it prevails."

The Fighting Word on Exhibit

"Words At War," opening June 18 at the New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, will continue until August 1. The exhibition is sponsored by the Writers' Committee on Words at War, William Rose Benét, Chairman. Other sponsors include Pearl Buck, Wendell Willkie, and Henry Seidel Canby. The exhibition has been prepared and arranged with the coöperation of the Office of War Information and the New York Public Library.

The purpose of the exhibition is to show the power of the printed word, reinforced by graphic art, to present the fundamental issues of the present war. It consists of statements in quotation, photographically enlarged in dramatic fashion; quotations from speeches and poems; the words of President Roosevelt, Stephen Vincent Benét, T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell, Langston Hughes, and others. This display of the fighting power of words is supplemented by photographic enlargements of certain great works of art of the past, featuring the graphic power of such artists as Daumier and Goya. The whole has been planned as a powerful intellectual and artistic demonstration in the cause of the United Nations.

To stimulate further reading suggested by the ideas presented to onlookers, the Library Readers' Adviser has prepared a reading suggestion list which will be available for free distribution. The cover design for this list of books was drawn by the distinguished artist, E. McKnight Kauffer.



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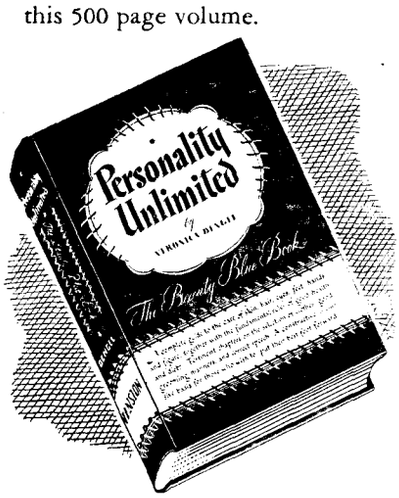

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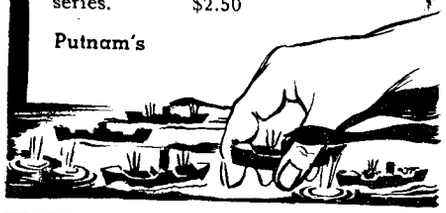


Never say DIE

By McKNIGHT MALMAR

"First Class. Hostess at week-end party slain. Others perish ... Swiftly moving, well written and expertly plotted."— *Saturday Review*. $2.00

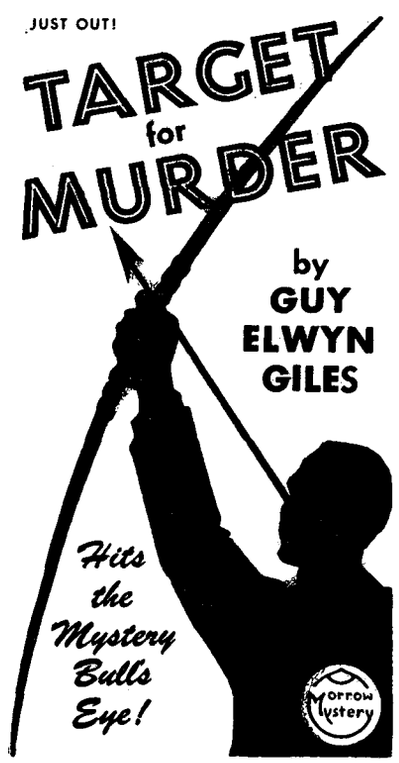
A GARGOYLE MYSTERY

Coward-McCann

JUST OUT!

TARGET for MURDER

by GUY ELWYN GILES



Hits the Mystery Bulls Eye!

Morrow Mystery

Return to the Soil

OUR JEWISH FARMERS. By Gabriel Davidson, New York: L. B. Fischer. 1943. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED WERNER

WHILE the people of this country do not expect every American of Armenian stock to be a playwright, like Saroyan, or a carpet-dealer, like Vartanian, they still picture the American Jew as a shopkeeper or business or professional man. The comprehensive study by Dr. Davidson, who has been a director of the Jewish Agricultural Society of this country for a quarter of a century and is, at present, its managing director, reveals the fact that more than a hundred thousand Jews are employed in farm work in this country! Originally the Jews were overwhelmingly an agricultural people, and only became city dwellers after their dispersion two thousand years ago. But for quite a while there has been a numerous Jewish farming population in Russia and, for the past sixty years, in Palestine.

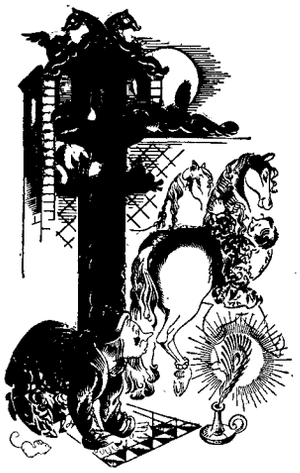
In the United States, a few Jews had been farmers even in colonial days when Abraham de Lyon brought the vine and silk culture from Portugal to Georgia. But it was not until the 1880's, when Czarist persecution forced a mass exodus of Russian Jews to the Western Hemisphere, that successful attempts were made to train the destitute newscomers as farmers.

At present, there are Jewish farmers in thirty-seven states of the Union. These people practice all types of agriculture: dairying, poultry raising, truck farming, floriculture, orcharding, viticulture, and the raising of cattle, grain, cotton, and sugar beets. The majority have turned to farming from the needle and fur trades, but there are among them also professional men, like a German refugee rabbi and a language teacher. Most of the farms are equipped with all the implements of modern agriculture, and good neighborly relations exist between the Jewish farmers and their Christian colleagues. Besides, Jews are aiding the economic life of this country, not only as "dirt" farmers, but also as scientific research workers, notably in the field of microbiology and soil research, plant pathology and forestry.

These facts are presented in a sober, realistic style, and with an abundance of biographical and statistical details which make Dr. Davidson's book a valuable contribution to the history of agriculture in the United States.

WAR BONDS WIN BATTLES

A Great Russian Fairy Tale



LITTLE MAGIC HORSE

By Peter Ershoff

Translated by Tatiana B. Browne

and illustrated by Vera Bock

The famous story of the little humpback horse and the adventures and good fortune he brought his young master. Beautiful illustrations in color. Both translator and artist knew and loved this old tale as children in Russia. $2.50

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Shipyard Story

PILEBUCK. By John and Ward Hawkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 320 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN APPEL

THIS book consists of one part, "popular novel," and one part, "serious novel." It appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* under the title "The Saboteurs"; this popular-serious piece of writing reminds me of the formula used by a slick-magazine writer friend of mine who also has done "serious novels": Major characters, phoney. Minor characters and background, real. "Pilebuck" is both a slick Hitchcock-like mystery story with action galore, and a story about the production soldiers of America. The pilebucks are the shipyard workers who "move in where there is nothing but a stretch of shore and some timber. We build the shipways, the outfitting docks, the drydocks . . . The boys who build the ships follow us . . . A good pilebuck is part carpenter, part steel-man, part rigger, part millwright, with a liberal shot of plain mule."

The minor characters in this piece of writing are the pilebucks, Kelly, Ikey, Bevins, the young ex-logger. They are real enough as far as they go. The work scenes are well done and often have the heft of muscle and the sweat of workingmen in them. The shipyard is a real shipyard. Very few production-soldier novels have appeared since Pearl Harbor; and it is this reviewer's opinion that the American public could use a good many more. Twenty million Americans are "pilebucks," aviation workers, tank builders, welders, farmers, coal miners, and what these people are saying, doing, thinking, hoping, is as important as the voices and actions of the ten million in the armed forces. These two American armies will create a dynamic new America, or they will fail to create it. "Pilebuck" merits some attention precisely because it throws some light on the twenty million, on the half million coal miners, on labor-management, unionism, cost-plus contracts.

"Bevins said we don't get as much for our buck fifty an hour as we used to get for our six bits an' he's right. How come anyway?" The how-comes in "Pilebuck" remind me of the how-comes of the aviation workers in the plant where I am now working. These how-comes and the answers to them are the weather-vanes pointing the winds of the post-war period.

Otherwise, the major character, Sam Gallagher, is a tough ex-foreign correspondent turned F.B.I. who gets a job as a pilebuck and who gets the saboteurs in the end. He is equipped with eyes "shot through with a reckless light," and with two beautiful women, Lea Damaron, a boyhood sweetheart who also works in the shipyard, and Jill McCann, plus two refugee kids (a bogus family dug up by the F.B.I.). It seems Sam is of draft age and he needs a family as a front with which to fool the saboteurs. Whom does Sam marry in the end? Your guess is as good as mine. In all fairness, however, it must be said that the "popular" mystery part of this book is above average.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TARGET FOR MURDER *Guy Elwyn Giles* (Morrow: $2.)	Special insurance investigator Kent hunts for missing jewelry and finds murder by arrow method.	Galaxy of lively—to say the least—characters, plenty of action, and payoff that packs a surprise.	Top drawer
SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR *Raymond Postgate* (Knopf: $2.)	Mysterious death on home doorstep of English suburbanite gives investigators hard nut to crack.	Not only puzzling and well worked out mystery but also fine character study of some very interesting people.	Excellent
PAPER CHASE *Oliver Weld Bayer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Pair who live by wits play perilous game with purloined wills and murder follows. Jeff Piper and girl asst. solve case.	Engaging and not too scrupulous pair of sleuths balk huge and elaborate sabotage plan to tune of exciting and complicated action.	Good
THE HUNGRY HOUSE *Lilian Lauferty* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Murder strikes occupants of old house not unfamiliar with scenes of violence. Detective probes family history and psychology for answer.	Emotions run high throughout frequently melodramatic but always convincing tale. Detecting is shrewd and finish startling.	High grade

First blood from the critics

Crimson Friday

by DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

author of STRAWSTACK and THE BALCONY

→ WILL CUPPY: "Any jury in its senses would hand Dorothy Cameron Disney whatever award goes with the biggest mystery surprise of 1943 . . . This is tall, exciting, full of well assorted bafflement — a humdinger managed with a skill that should make most of the author's rivals gnaw their nails and turn a light green."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.*

→ N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "Told with all the skill that Dorothy Disney has at her command. In other words, *it is a humdinger.*"

→ CHICAGO TRIBUNE: "A brilliantly original mystery . . . immensely successful."

There won't be a better mystery story this year than CRIMSON FRIDAY

$2.00, A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

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Scanning the Children's Books

A Running Survey of the New Titles

ALICE M. JORDAN

THIS is the season for prizes and the field of children's books is not behind other fields in bestowing recognition for excellence of production. Earliest of the annual awards is the Newbery Medal, Frederic Melcher's gift through the Children's Librarians Section of the American Library Association, bestowed this year on Elizabeth Janet Gray's "Adam of the Road," illustrated by Robert Lawson (Viking).

The Caldecott Award, similarly given, for the finest book illustrated for younger children, went to Virginia Lee Burton, for her fascinating picture book, "The Little House" (Houghton Mifflin).

At the Spring Book Festival, in May, sponsored by *The New York Herald-Tribune*, a number of able judges made prize awards for books in each of the three age groups. "Five Golden Wrens," by Hugh Troy (Oxford), (noted in the issue of April 17th), was chosen among the new spring books for young children. It is marked by freshness and originality with the convincing introduction of that wonder of the modern world, radio, into a fairy tale of traditional pattern. Mr. Troy's pictures are delightfully conceived and executed.

Everyone will be glad that Laura Ingalls Wilder received, at the same time, a prize for the final book in her "Little House" series, "Those Happy Golden Years" (Harper). In these stories for the middle age group, Mrs. Wilder has made her pioneer family live in our hearts, through all their moves from one frontier home to another. Her books fill an important place among the stories revealing to children the steps in the growth of our country during its westward expansion in the nineteenth century.

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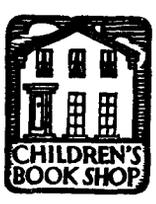

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The prize for an outstanding book suited to older boys and girls went to "Patterns on the Wall," by Elizabeth Yates (Knopf). Actually, this may be counted a young novel, as the characters are quite grown up and their love story threads through the book. Elizabeth Yates has selected an unusual theme in the career of an itinerant wall painter in his wanderings over the countryside and his later struggle on a bleak New England farm. She shows a sensitive appreciation of the artistic urge inspiring those treasured murals still, at times, uncovered on the walls of old homesteads in the Eastern states. Her feeling for the New England scene in summer and in bitter winter is warmly evident.

Late in making an appearance, the spring picture books have blossomed out gayly in recent weeks. Howard Cook, well-known artist living in Mexico, tells in "Sammi's Army" (Doubleday, Doran), about a little boy living by the ocean, in one of the countries lying to the south of the United States. His illustrations pay humorous attention to the animal friends making up the army which came to Sammi's rescue in time of need.

"Big Dog Little Dog," by Golden MacDonald (Doubleday, Doran), contains appealing pictures by Leonard Weisgard, showing two Kerry terriers, father and son, pursuing adventures on a city street.

History and geography become real and exciting in the brilliant lithographs made by C. H. DeWitt, for Ann Hark's "The Story of the Pennsylvania Dutch" (Harper). This artist has also made striking pictures for other large books, dramatically interpreting different aspects of American life or regional geography.

Latin America comes again to the fore in "Islands on Guard" (Scribner's), in which Helen Follett takes young readers on a tour of the Caribbean Islands, and in "Half a Hemisphere," by Delia Goetz (Harcourt, Brace) briefly outlining the history of South America from the arrival of Columbus to the building of the Pan American highway and the culture of today. Maps and drawings add value to the survey which is a companion to her earlier "Neighbors to the South." Also in "Jennie's Secret Island," by Phillis Garrard (Winston), the action is laid in Bermuda. This is a very modern mystery story for girls, rather overfull of good-natured youthful bickering.

Covering centuries of thrilling history in "Vast Horizons" (Viking), Mary Seymour Lucas provides her readers with a valuable background for understanding our present global concern with European and Asiatic trade routes. She unrolls a spacious canvas from the time of the Crusaders to the days of the great Portuguese explorers and the discovery that India could be reached by sailing either east or west.

Messner has added to its long shelf of biographies two likely to prove attractive not only to young people with a scientific bent, but to many who are alive to the romance of high achievement for the good of all mankind. In "Walter Reed: Doctor in Uniform," the life story of the farseeing Army surgeon and bacteriologist who proved that yellow fever is carried by a pestilent mosquito, is told in graphic words with sympathetic understanding, by L. N. Wood. The author of "Luther Burbank: Plant Magician," has been happily chosen, too, as John Y. Beaty is himself an authority on plant and insect life. He knew Luther Burbank and has been a penetrating observer of experiments on the Burbank farms. Mr. Beaty writes a live and absorbing biography of the imaginative Massachusetts boy, influenced by the great Agassiz, later becoming in California the tireless originator of many new, invaluable fruits and plant forms.

Council Selects Books

The newly formed Children's Book Committee of the Council on Books in Wartime has selected the outstanding books, old or new, that contribute to a better understanding of the countries and peoples of the United Nations, whether by picture or story, fact or folklore. Such a list, the committee felt, would be useful not only during United Nations Week but in the activities centered around this fall's Children's Book Week, the slogan for which is "Build the Future with Books." The committee includes Miss Irene Smith, of the Brooklyn Public Library; Miss Marguerite Kirk, of the Newark Board of Education; Miss Lena Barksdale, of the Doubleday, Doran Bookshop; Miss Doris Patee, of the Macmillan Company, and Vernon Ives, of Holiday House, as chairman. For the copies of the first list—others will follow shortly—inquiries should be addressed to Council on Books in Wartime, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City. Single copies on request and in quantities which may be imprinted at a modest price.

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The Phoenix Nest

MY Lithuanian correspondent, Arėjas Vitkauskas, of Middletown, Ohio, submits what he calls

LITHUANIAN ORPHAN ANNIE

The Lithuanian humorous courting folk song says:

Oy, bernely, bernely,

Ko ne'tyoyee roodeny,
Ar jirgelyo netoory,
Ar kepoores netoory? . . .
(Why, in autumn, my dear lad,
Don't you come, to make me glad?
Why don't you ride to me, dear chap?
Haven't you a horse, or cap?)

Ash tooryu kepoores dvy,
Soo kazeerkom abidvy—
Netooryu ookvatos
Prye taves seeratos . . .
(I am ready for such trips;
Have two caps, and both have tips;
But I haven't the desire
You, li'l orphan, to admire!)

It is still a sad song. Wouldn't it be better if a bit from another folk song were applied?

Bernoojely, nes'volyok,
Jeepona sootrinsy—
Atsistok, paboochyok,
Savaya pajinsy!
(Don't you roll yourself, my lad!
You'll get wrinkled badly.
Stand right up and see who bade.
Kiss your maiden gladly!)

The Prophets

I have been invited to buy a masterly volume called "Seven Years That Change the World." It contains all sorts of prophecies, apparently. Not only, it seems, did Edward Bellamy, in "Looking Backward," plan the New Deal a century ago, but William James foretold the dictators; Thomas Jefferson foresaw the concentration of the nation's wealth in the hands of a few; Brother John, a French monk of the seventeenth century, recorded a prophecy on the rise of Hitler, his claims, his propaganda methods, and the final defeat of Germany by one of her present allies; the uncapped pyramid on the seal of the United States, reverse side, consists of thirteen courses, symbolical of thirteen cycles in United States history, and its prophecy for the United States discovers the year 1945 as the year of Destiny; and so on, and so on! I guess, though, that I won't get the book, because prophecies have a way of bewildering me as to the future, rather than clarifying anything! I shall depend, in this war, on Sassoon's "Brother Lead and Sister Steel"—even against the horror-threat of poison gas spread by our enemies, against which the President spoke so aptly and forcefully the other day. Anyway, the Nazis have been using one kind of poison gas from the beginning: the oratory of Hitler and Goebbels!

Classic Boys' Authors

Back in January, Jay Lewis, who writes a column, "Books and Authors," in *The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*, referred to my remarks on Kirk Munroe, and the reference in this column to George Manville Fenn. I have been wanting for sometime to quote, in part, what he said. I do so now:

> The Kirk Munroe society had no sooner been nominated than another nomination followed. Webb Waldron, one of these here now literary editors, urged the formation of a Society for the Perpetuation of George Manville Fenn, who wrote "Brownsmith's Boy," "Quicksilver," and "Mother Carey's Chicken."
>
> Both nominations are excellent but from the floor comes this nomination: The Edward S. Ellis Fellowship, with members including those who went all out for Deerfoot, the Showanoe, and Ned, both on the river and in the blockhouse. Deerfoot is still the hero of every Old Boy who loved Injun stories.
>
> Still, W. O. Stoddard wrote several which Webb Waldron would call classy: "The Red Mustang," "The Talking Leaves," "Little Smoke"—yes, and "Red Beauty," also known as "Chumley's Post," although that last is for older readers. A better delineation of the real Indian than Red Beauty is yet to appear. . . .
>
> Joseph A. Altsheler has written some excellent tales of Indians and backwoodsmen and those of James A. Schultz are in a class by themselves. They are what Broadway calls authentic.
>
> Still, above all other Injun and pioneer stories this recorder places The Forest Glen series by Elijah Kellogg, who wrote "Spartacus to the Gladiators," the Elm Island stories, and the Pleasant Cove series. Not to mention "Good Old Times" and other yarns of Colonial days and the young United States.
>
> Hugh Pendexter was the master of all, in the matter of historical tales for the Old Boys who are ever renewing their youthful days. His stories in *Adventure* when Arthur Sullivant Hoffman was its editor will never be forgotten. You may find one or two in the Bobbs-Merrill list and more in the catalogues of *William Collins & Sons, British* publishers, but you will seldom find them in second-hand shops, for Hugh Pendexter fans hang on to his books.

That should hold the Old Boys for a while, who can doubtless add many other sterling authors from their own recollection.

A Canon of Christ Church

Some long time ago I mentioned William Strode who wrote the delightful lyric "On a Gentlewoman Walking in the Snowe." I said I wondered as to his identity. That hound of old-style Baskerville, not to mention books set in any other kind of type, the indefatigable Earle Walbridge, says Strode's dates were 1602-1645, and that he spent most of his life "Up at the House." Apparently, according to Basil Davenport, that is the way to refer to the unfortunate denizens of Christ Church, Oxford. Strode graduated B.A. in 1621, M.A. in 1624, and B.D. [Bachelor of Divinity, not Basil Davenport, says Walbridge] in 1631

> whereupon he took holy orders, gained a reputation as a "most florid preacher," and became chaplain to Richard Corbet, bishop of Oxford. [Not in the "Oxford Companion to English Literature," but author of that famous poem "The Fairies' Farewell" from which Kipling culled a title "Rewards and Fairies"—Ed.] Like the Bishop he amused his leisure by writing facile verse (I am quoting Sir Sidney Lee, from the DNB). On 29th August 1636 (306 years to the day before the *SRL* was wondering about him) the students of his college acted his tragi-comedy, "The Floating Island," at Oxford, in the presence of Charles I and Queen Henrietta. "The play was reported to be too full of morality to please the court, but the king commended it." (Too much sugar in the floating island.) Sir Sidney agrees with you that his occasional verse "shows a genuine lyrical faculty and sportive temperament." Perhaps Hudson Strode, the versatile professor of English at the University of Alabama and compiler of "Immortal Lyrics" (Random House, 1938), is a descendant of William Strode, canon of Christ Church and vicar of Badby, Northamptonshire.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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GENTLEMAN, college graduate, wishes to correspond with lady of education and culture. Box 145-H.

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MY HANDWRITING ANALYST tells me I should forsake the trade papers for a general magazine or book publisher. It seems I am the Vital-Mental Combination, and once I quit the literary slums my personality will burst into gorgeous blooms. Well, anyway, I know more about typography, layout, make-up, etc., than the usual assistant editor; I've taken Helen Hull's short story course and sold some non-fiction; I read French without a dictionary (oh, I sometimes look up a word) and can struggle through Spanish. Do I have any takers? Box 141-H.

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The Crostics Club

EDITH LORING MOONEY, Worcester, Mass., wonders why no one has as yet quoted Rebecca McCann's "Cheerful Cherub," as applied, she thinks, rather to DCs than to crosswords:

If I should spend in working
The intellect and care
I use on crossword puzzles
I'd be a millionaire.

Rebecca's illustrations enhance the contemplative joy in her nuggets. In her early death American literature suffered a great loss, for she, like Ogden Nash, senses the clean humor in every-day life. Amusingly enough, my jacket DC for Series 15—to be published in the fall by the *SRL!*—is from the same source:

Some people say the whole round world is sad
Because their own small thoughts are cross and blue;
And yet you cannot say the road is bad
Because you have a pebble in your shoe.

Miss Mooney writes further that a nephew home from college shamed her into completing a DC, which type of amusement until then she considered beyond her. She finds that, although the DC looks impossible, all of a sudden a word clarifies the whole quotation and from then on it's "pie." Several have asked me to let them know through this column when Series 14 will be out. It should be in the bookshops now.

I prize highly a letter just received from John Cox, Jr., Geneologist, New York City, who thus greets me: "Accept a laurel wreath (in thought) from an 82½ youngster who finds your crostics a great help of an evening, especially after a day of hunting the black cat of some one's ancestor in the dark cellar of the past." He suggests that we celebrate the advent of the 500th DC and meanwhile gives "thanks for keeping his mind spry."

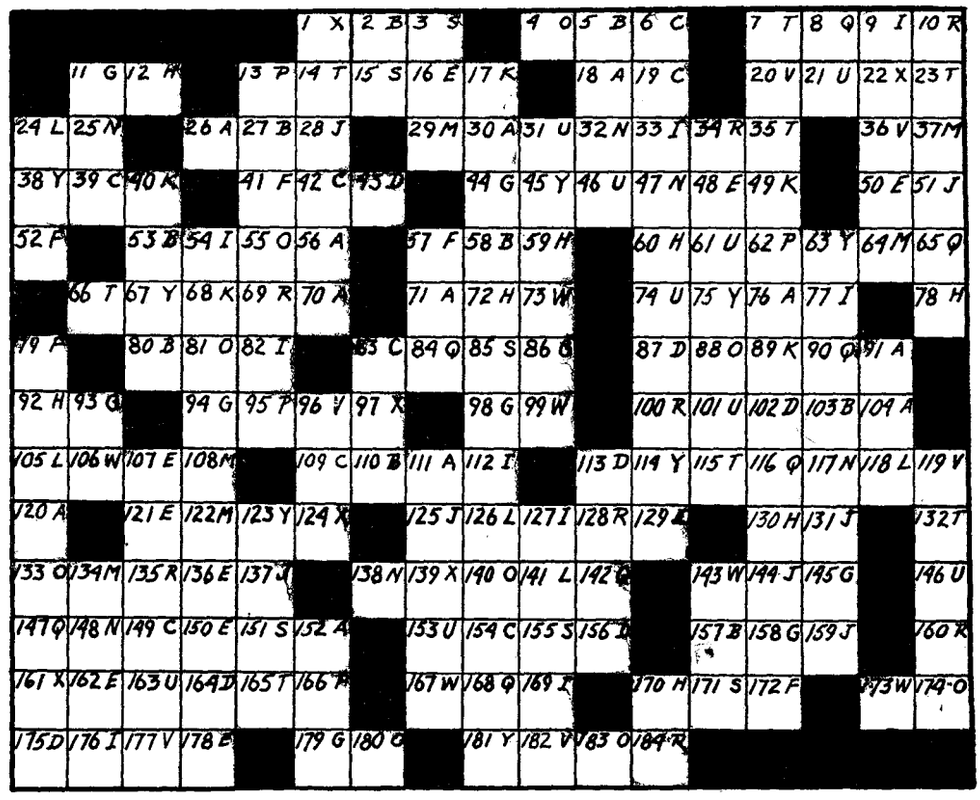
Mrs. Louise Hallock, Bogata, N. J., is our latest DC rhyming "effusist":

To solve Double-Crostics
I'm daily more curious,
But when they're too easy
I get simply furious.

My mind I would bludgeon,
My brain I would pinch,—
But Crostic 475
Is simply a cinch.

To make Crostics harder, please use all your power
So that I can't solve them in just half an hour.

Raymond Willis's rhyme about the diffidence of the Wellesley girl a half century ago ended in a clever line that had to be omitted for want of space, and I add it here. After giving us the callow poet's reaction, he himself writes, "And that of Wellesley whose mandate now rules the Waves and far Cathay!" E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 482

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. To obtain the advantage over (4 wds.)
B. Chief Justice (1796-99).
C. Of doubtful propriety (comp.)
D. Tackle; gear.
E. Any place or occasion of great mental or spiritual suffering.
F. German violinist and composer.
G. Formative, as tissues.
H. Pertaining to a land area that undergoes no elevation or depression.
I. American sculptor, painter, etc. (1861-1909).
J. Centre-piece for table decoration (of several groups).
K. Ship or galley of the Norse vikings.
L. A kind of meat stew.
M. Agonized struggle or effort.
N. Uproar; confusion.
O. Incomplete statement usually to deceive (comp.)
P. English river of a famous "Swan."
Q. American historian (1863-1936).
R. Passes by transmission or succession.
S. Coils.
T. Monstrous; immense.
U. Detestable.
V. Obstacles to spiritual progress.
W. A clever imitation (comp.—slang).
X. Quixotically adventurous.
Y. Ponders; thinks over.

WORDS

120	104	152	30	56	76	71	70	91	18	111	26
5	2	103	80	53	27	110	157	58			
154	83	109	39	19	149	42	6				
43	175	102	113	164	156	87					
107	16	178	50	48	150	121	162	136	129		
172	52	41	79	57							
86	179	145	44	158	93	98	11	94			
59	72	12	170	78	92	130	60				
169	82	112	54	77	176	33	127	9			
144	125	159	28	137	131	51					
17	68	89	40	49							
141	126	118	24	105							
37	108	134	122	64	29						
25	32	117	138	47	148						
81	140	174	180	55	88	183	133	4			
62	13	95	166								
84	168	116	8	65	90	147	142				
10	100	69	135	184	128	34	160				
15	171	85	155	3	151						
23	66	165	35	7	14	115	132				
101	153	21	31	61	46	74	146	163			
20	177	182	96	119	36						
143	106	73	99	167	173						
124	22	139	1	97	161						
114	67	63	38	123	75	45	181				

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A SENSE OF HUMUS

by Bertha Damon

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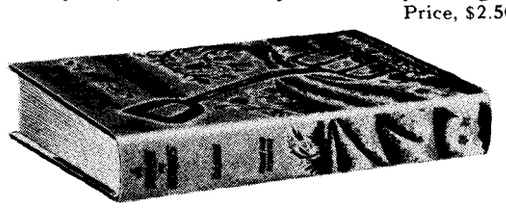

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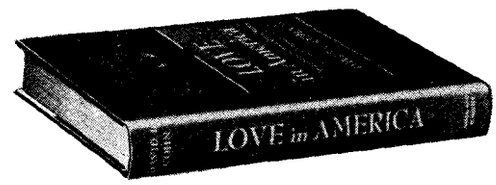

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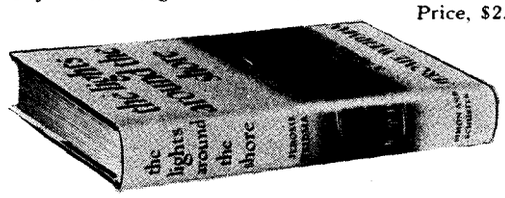

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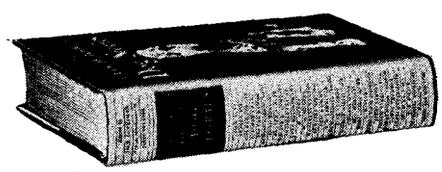

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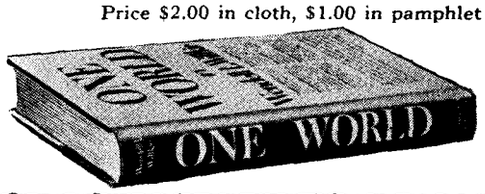

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